HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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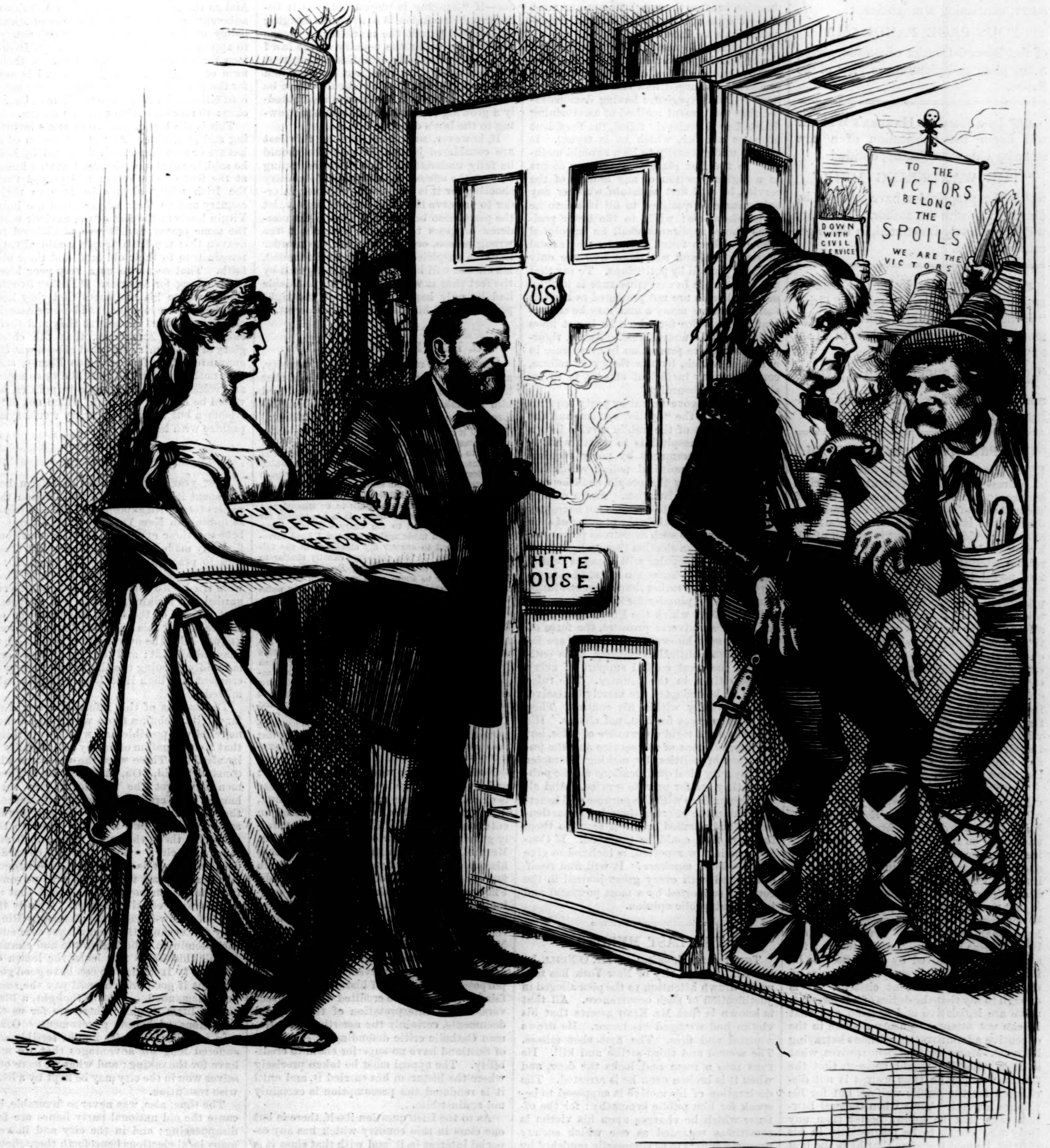


CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
US
HITE OUSE
DOWN WITH CIVIL SERVICE
TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS
WE ARE THE VICTORS
Th. Nast

NO SURRENDER.

U. S. G. "I am Determined to Enforce those Regulations."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, December 7, 1872.

CIRCULATION 210,000.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive the Ninth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is issued gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to Harper's Weekly.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly will be sent out gratuitously a splendid Eight-page Supplement, containing a magnificent

FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA

of the Burned District of Boston, giving a complete and picturesque view of the Ruins.

☞ In a few days Harper's Weekly will begin the publication of a new story by Charles Reade, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

☞ A new story by B. L. Farjeon, author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," etc., will be commenced in the next Number of Harper's Weekly. It is called

"BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES,"

and will be profusely and splendidly illustrated.

THE PRESIDENT AND REFORM.

THE President's constant and active interest in the improvement of the civil service, the contemptuous hostility to it of the majority of both parties in Congress, the demand for it in the Republican platform, and the President's evident intention of adhering to his convictions, give a new and special interest to the subject. It is, therefore, useful to inquire precisely what the new method is, and what improvement it promises. The "spoils" system is familiar to every body. It is a system which makes all the minor positions under government the reward of partisan activity. The chief qualification for them is not character or capacity, but efficiency at caucuses and at elections. The offices are given to "influence," and influence means political prominence. The results of this system are as familiar as its practice. They are almost without exception pernicious. A Presidential election becomes a contest for plunder, and consequently excites and exasperates the worst passions.

There are but two arguments for the present evil system which have any appearance of reason. One is that the Representative, being elected by the preference of his district, is to be regarded as its general political agent or attorney in the government, and must know better than any body else is likely to know who should be appointed to the various offices in the district. The other is that a new broom sweeps clean, and that better service is to be expected of fresh hands than of old hacks. But it is because both of these arguments, with others of the same kind, are proved by experience to be fallacious that there is such a deep desire of change among intelligent citizens. It is enough to say that the duties of a Representative are legislative and specific, and that he can not attempt to usurp a share in the executive administration without betraying his trust. Moreover, experience proves, what a little reflection would suggest, that the function which he thus usurps is not discharged for the public welfare, but for his private interest. Thus when General Butler says that he knows better than any body who ought to be postmasters in his district, he merely claims that he is the best judge in a case in which he is interested.

As for the new broom theory, it is an argument only upon the assumption that it *is* a new broom, and that the sole purpose of taking it is that it may sweep clean. But this is not the fact. The officers are appointed not because of their especial competence and experience, upon which alone any expectation of cleaner sweeping could rest, but upon other considerations entirely. They know that they probably hold only until a stronger pressure than that which puts them in is brought to bear to put them out. Moreover, the place is the reward of past service, and future service is supposed to be its condition. To expect reforms in the administration of such an officer is almost futile; and, as a fact, the "hack" who was not promoted, upon the assumption that he was a hack, continues to perform all the substantial duties of the higher office. This argument of the new broom presupposes appointment for fitness only, and therefore has no relevancy whatever to a system of appointment by influence. The *theory* of appointment by influence is good enough; for it is that the President being elected by the people, and surrounding himself with a cabinet, he and they receive only honest recommendations and appoint only worthy men. That is the theory. But it can not possibly be the practice, because the appointing power must depend upon recommendations, and recommendations are interested.

The practical question, therefore, is, since the appointing power can not possibly personally know all the candidates who are presented and urged, how can it best inform itself? And experience having demonstrated that the present method of ascertaining fitness has ridiculously failed, the President proposes another, which he is trying. It may be said generally to be a twofold method. In the first place, if a vacancy occurs in a higher position of any branch of the service, he will first ascertain whether any subordinate is qualified to fill it before he turns elsewhere; while to the lower positions those applicants shall be appointed who have been found competent by actual investigation, and not those who are only strongly pressed by politicians. To say that not to promote in every instance is to stigmatize all who are not promoted as unfit is foolish, because many a man may be competent for an office for which he is yet upon many grounds unavailable. Again, rigorously to require promotion in every case in a service which, by the theory of reform, contains many inefficient officers, is to insist upon an absurdity.

To say that government by party requires conformity to the "spoils" system, and the transformation of the public service into a vast partisan hospital, is to assert what is not true. Government by party requires that a certain political policy which has been approved by the people shall be carried out in administration. And a change in all the subordinate offices is not necessary to any such result, while the practice of such a change tends to such monstrous perversion of the scope of an election that an honest expression of the popular will becomes doubly difficult. Ballot-boxes are not stuffed to secure a protective rather than a revenue tariff, but to provide plunder for bummers.

In the effort which the President is making under an adverse pressure, the force of which is only known to those who are familiar with political machinery, he is entitled to the most cordial support of every honest citizen in the country. The rules which he has adopted are merely tentative, and are wholly within his control. They are conveniences for him, not chains. His object is not a rigid observance of rules, but the improvement of the service and the purification of politics, by making character and capacity vital qualifications for the public as they are for private service. And all who sympathize with the purpose will heartily sustain the effort, although the particular method pursued may not seem to them the best that could be proposed. If Congress, as is now reported, is inclined to give battle—*Tirez, messieurs!* It will find itself confronted with every great journal in the country, supported by a most powerful and intelligent public opinion.

THE LAST MURDER.

The recent shooting of Mr. O'Neill by Mr. King in the city of New York has naturally drawn attention to the plea alleged in justification of such occurrences. All that is known is that Mr. King asserts that his victim had wronged his honor. He draws a pistol and fires. The first shot misses. The second and third strike and kill. He runs into a room and locks the door, and when it is broken open he is arrested. The declaration of his motive is supposed to bespeak for him public sympathy: for the offense which he charges upon his victim is sometimes regarded as one which society properly suffers to be summarily punished by murder. Every body, then, holds his life at the mercy of any body who may allege that his honor has been outraged, or that he suspects it has been outraged.

The whole proceeding is a relic of barbarism. It belongs to the time of the duel, the exquisite absurdity of which was shown the other day in an advertisement published by Mr. N. B. Forrest, who asserted that somebody was a coward, a scoundrel, and a contemptible villain, and concluded by proposing to let the rascal have a shot at him. Does Mr. Forrest mean to say that a coward and a scoundrel can injure his honor? So the theory that the misconduct of a wife injures the honor of the husband springs from the barbarous idea that she is in some sense his property, and is not a responsible person. A man can not be dishonored by the conduct of others. He may be wounded, shocked, exasperated, heart-broken, but his honor is in his own keeping exclusively. The offense alleged in the present case probably arouses a deeper indignation than any other. But the honor of a husband is stained only when he is himself guilty of the offense which Mr. King charges upon his wife.

However this may be, it is time to decide whether homicide is to be held justifiable for such reasons as are often gravely urged. And if there be a tendency to palliate murder—if "hanging is played out"—is it because public opinion is so averse to hanging that it will permit the murderer to escape rather than suffer the penalty of the law? Nothing is more fully established than that undue severity of punishment is a premium upon crime. But the law should either be enforced or changed, for there is undoubtedly a growing feeling that life is insecure, owing to the law's delay or evasion.

If, however, such homicides as this last are considered justifiable, that also should be fully understood. For if the reasoning be that the offense will diminish if summary shooting for it is permitted, we must, in order to preserve the good order of society, let the permission be known. Then if the murderer happens to mistake and shoot the wrong person, or discover after the murder that his suspicions were not well founded, his offense will be presumably mitigated by the fact that it would have been justifiable had he only happened to shoot the right person, or had his suspicions been correct.

MR. FROUDE'S PROPOSITION.

The attacks upon Mr. Froude's veracity, and the apparent sympathy with them that has been shown by certain papers, induced him to make the following proposition before beginning his third lecture in Boston:

> "I feel it my duty, in view of the manner in which my lectures have been received in this country, to say a word to you who honor me with your presence at my lectures in defense of myself and my books, which I am pleased to learn have had a somewhat extensive sale in this country. I am accused of bad faith in my treatment of historical documents, and it has been charged against me that I am not to be trusted, and that I am a dishonorable man. It is impossible for me to reply in detail to the charges of inaccuracy which have been made against me, and I have therefore determined to answer my assailants in the following manner. It is a challenge exactly similar to that sent by me to the *Saturday Review* some time since in answer to some criticisms which had been made against me. Let my accusers select any number of pages from any of my historical works, one, two, three, or four hundred pages as they may please, and submit them to the Keeper of the Records in England, with whom all historical documents are deposited. Let the Keeper of the Records then appoint a commission to examine and compare my works with these documents, and in case their charges can be made good, I forever after to hold my peace, and accept the dishonored position to which they would now consign me. If they do not make good their charges, they to make me a public apology, retracting what they have said against me—the expenses of this commission to be borne by me. As a writer who has done his best to tell the truth, I think it simple justice that this challenge should settle the question of the accuracy of my writings."

Nothing could be more direct and manly; and if the challenge is not accepted, the case is closed against the critics. Father Burke, in his replies to Mr. Froude, addressed an enthusiastic crowd of Irishmen, and naturally gave the Irish view of the question. Mr. Meline, in his work attacking Mr. Froude's history of Mary Stuart, charges him with forgery and falsehood. He quotes Mr. Froude, and then, as he says, cites the original authorities. Whether he really does so can not be known, in the case of MSS., until the course invited by Mr. Froude is taken. Mr. Meline's assertion proves nothing. If Mr. Froude, whose personal honor and scholarly character are involved, and who has no purpose but the truth of history and his own fair fame, may not be credited with a correct version and interpretation of the original documents, certainly the assertions of a Roman Catholic critic defending Queen Mary of Scotland have no superior claim to credibility. The appeal must be taken precisely where the historian has carried it, and until it is rendered the presumption is certainly not against him.

As to the Irish question itself, there is but one class in this country which has any especial interest in it, and with that class it is a passionate political and religious interest. To Americans the question is chiefly historical and impersonal. To the Irish it is the sole question. Mr. Froude would settle it. But its agitation is the stock in trade of political and religious demagogues. If the Irish question were settled, if the wrongs of Ireland were removed from the arena of rhetorical appeal, if the people of Ireland should seriously address themselves to the actual situation, the capital of a host of political and ecclesiastical orators would disappear.

The Roman Church, as is well known, has always a political policy; and there are a great many well-meaning people who think that it is especially persecuted whenever its politics are exposed. The convictions of the American people and their political constitution secure absolute religious equality. But one of the sects among us, the Roman Church, aims constantly at a subversion of one of the most vital of American institutions—unsectarian common schools. And why? What is the reason that it hopes and works for a sectarian division of the school fund? Because it fears the effect of the free mingling in the public schools of the children of its members with those of other religious denominations. It wishes to keep its communion separate and peculiar. And as the great multitude of its American adherents are Irish born, it is the political policy of the Roman Church passionately to appeal to the distinctive feeling of Irishmen for their native country and for their form of religious faith. The appeal is not for the purpose of making them better American citizens, but more intense Roman Catholics: to make a nation within a nation.

This is the key of Father Burke's lecturing and preaching. At the conclusion of a lecture or sermon recently delivered by him he said, in substance, that St. Patrick knelt at the feet of the Virgin and prayed that the Irish might always be true to their country and to their religion, and the holy Virgin knelt at the feet of the Saviour with the same prayer, and it was proclaimed in heaven that the Irish people would always remain true to their old land and their old faith. That seems to us a very poor kind of preaching for America. If Father Burke should say to his audiences that they had left their native land and had become American citizens, that henceforth they and their children were Americans, that the chief glory of the country they had chosen was its guarantee of perfect religious liberty, and that nothing imperiled that liberty so much as ecclesiastical interference in politics, he would be doing a service in which not only Irishmen but the whole country would sympathize with him.

CITY POLITICS.

Last year's "tidal wave" of reform has not spent its force. Since the election the papers teem with exposures of the municipal swindling in New York, and the difference between these exposures and the assertions formerly made by a few papers is that these lead to practical results. In the old Ring days persuasions to silence of every kind were tried with success. Complaint was regarded as "striking," and it was supposed that a share of the booty was the price of silence. That this was often the fact is well known. But the overthrow of the Ring has changed all that; and the city of New York is rapidly learning the character of the government to which it so long patiently submitted.

The success of this reform movement so far forcibly rebukes those who thought that no relief was possible, and who always think that a combination of money and rascality is irresistible. These were the wiseacres who constantly said, "Oh, what's the use? These men have got the machinery into their hands; they are sensible enough to conceal the steps of their knavery; they can buy up any opposition, and if things come to the worst for them, they will raise a mob and ravage the city." To this sigh of cowardly despair there was added the feeble suggestion that at least the rascals gave us something for the money they stole, and that all parties were equally corrupt. This is the kind of fellow-citizen that Tammany Rings pray for, because they know that over such their dominion is both absolute and eternal.

Will this feeble folk learn the lesson of the time? It is that we can have good government if good citizens will pay the small price demanded. A little thought, a little care, a little trouble: these are for us the conditions of honest government. Other men in other countries fought terribly and suffered long for advantages that we may have for the taking; and what we have ourselves won in the city may be kept by a little wise resolution.

The time, also, was never so favorable, because the old national party issues are fast disappearing; and in the city and in very many local elections henceforth there should be no other parties than the friends of honest and intelligent administration on one side and the knaves on the other. The Committee of Seventy in the city of New York have, therefore, done most wisely in deciding not to disband. They should be the nucleus of a municipal party of citizens who know the vital worth of honesty and intelligence, who demand these qualifications of candidates, and who will not divide their votes among several of this character. Such a party is not impossible in the city if those who carried the movement of reform are resolved that it shall exist.

AFTER ELECTION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

One of the most candid of Republicans in the Southern States, who was born and has always lived in that part of the country, and is the type of the men to whom we must look for the completion of the work of reconciliation, writes as follows:

> "You have but little idea how much my *respectability* has been increased by the election. From being a scalawag, a representative of the party of hate, a traitor to my State, and other such flattering appellations, I am again recognized as a gentleman by the upper-tendom. I trembled for the consequences of Greeley's election. While not in a position to render direct aid to General Grant, we were in the position of the temperance lecturer's 'frightful example,' and perhaps rendered good service in that way. For I am told that the outrageous frauds and murders and riots and frightening from the polls did good in solidifying our friends North, and perhaps in this way did more good for Grant than we could have done in any other way.
>
> "....But what are our people to do? The colored men are timid, and in many counties are not allowed to vote. Where they are more intelligent, and attempt to assert their rights, they are shot down and driven off, as in Macon, Georgia, in October, where I learn that fifteen were killed. The governments of the Old World are strong enough to protect all their subjects. How is it in the United States, when citizens are not allowed to perform the duties of citizens? Is the fault in the system of government? We boast that it is the best in the world, and yet large numbers are virtually disfranchised. We are in a dilemma here; for if we move in the matter of having the Federal government interfere, we fall under the hatred and persecutions of the ruling class among us. As it is, our people are not free. I confess that I do not know what is best. To submit is to yield and give up the right of suffrage so far as the colored man is concerned, or nearly so. To attempt to get aid from Federal legislation is to incur still further odium, for the worst thing our adversaries can say to bring odium upon us is to charge us with aiding to enforce the Enforcement laws."

This is doubtless a true statement of the case. Meanwhile Southern men of character and intelligence like the writer of this letter will remember that the re-election of General Grant was the most emphatic declaration by the country that the equal rights of citizens at the ballot-box shall be respected if there be power enough in the government to compel respect. The people of the whole country do not propose to leave the decision of great national questions, such, for instance, as the election of a President, to the chance of political terrorism in any State or in any part of the Union. "Local self-government" does not mean disfranchisement of large numbers of the population in any State; and the days when State sovereignty in any form could be pleaded upon any fundamental question against the national has happily passed forever. This truth will be gradually but surely understood in the States where it is now questioned. The folly of charging the people with vindictiveness in their policy of reconstruction has been fully exposed. It was a Morgan that did not outlast the election. But there is nothing more profoundly true, and the election is its tremendous emphasis, than that the political equality of citizens at the polls will be certainly maintained without the slightest regard to cries of consolidation, centralization, and despotism.

THE FRENCH SITUATION.

The political situation in France is very obscure, yet very interesting. The fate of so great and so important a nation, which three or four years ago believed itself, with the general assent of the world, to be one of the most powerful and influential of nations, is profoundly important, although the illusion of its real position was so suddenly dispelled. The next step in France has long been a problem. When Louis Philippe was King the question always was, *et après?* After him, what? Then came the revolution of '48, and Lamartine, and Cavaignac, and Louis Napoleon. Then the Emperor, and still the same question. And now M. Thiers—and after Thiers, what? He is a man more than seventy years old, and yet the peace of France seems to hang upon his life. Should he die or resign, nobody feels sure that anarchy would not follow. The French loan was taken upon the most surprising terms; but there is probably not a thoughtful man in the country who does not feel deeply anxious for the welfare of his children in their native land.

The government is called a republic. But it is really an Assembly chosen to negotiate for peace with Germany, which has made peace, has declared itself permanent, and has elected a President of what it calls a republic. Meanwhile the only evidence of a republic is the majority at the elections to fill vacancies in the Assembly, while the more important fact is that half of the voters do not appear at the polls. The people have not voted upon any constitution. Indeed, there is no constitution. The will of the majority of the Assembly is the fundamental law of France. This is a situation which would be singular any where, but in France it is perilous. There was probably never a country in which so much was said of a republic, and in which so little was understood. The republican idea of the old revolution was the absolutism of a majority of a delegate Assembly. The whim of a mob was the government of the country. And there is very little evidence that there is any truer general conception of a republic now. Indeed, there is no sure foundation whatever of a republic in France.

A curious illustration of this fact is shown by the recent publication of M. Laboulaye's essays in the *Journal des Débats*. They are the most elementary treatises upon a republic. They show that there ought to be a constitution established by the popular consent, and which should control all legislation. They insist that minorities have rights, and that the object of constitutions is to protect them. In fact, they are aimed at the radical French conception of a republic, and cite our example as that which can most instruct the author's country. The correspondent of the *Tribune*, an old resident in France and a close observer of the people, says that the essays are received with hostility. And, indeed, what could be more unpromising for the success of any intelligent and sincere republican movement than the condition of the people of France? Compare it with that of our fathers when our republic was founded.

All the late revelations both of the German war and of sagacious observation show a fatal want in the French people of the moral qualities upon which a popular government really depends. Without earnestness, sobriety, general intelligence, religious faith, willing obedience, patience, and faithful co-operation the foundations of our republic could not have been laid. The habit of self-command, the instinct of self-reliance, which appear in the political history of our race, are wholly wanting in the French nature. When President Lincoln was assassinated, if all the higher officers of the government had shared his fate, the course of affairs would not have been seriously interrupted. Such a result is due not only to political habit, but to moral quality. And because that is not seen to exist in France, but, on the contrary, seems to have disappeared, every effort at political organization is like building upon a quicksand. The piles are driven, but they do not hold. The present situation continues, not because it is satisfactory, but because of the immense risk of disturbing it. Yet it can not long endure, for M. Thiers is mortal.

A VICTORY FOR TRAVELERS.

We have formerly spoken of the great service which Mr. Coleman, who was forcibly thrown from the cars of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, has done the public by his persistent suit against the road. He has finally recovered damages, and in the current number of the *Atlantic* he tells the story of his long struggle. The road, it appears, was resolved to show the public in the fate of Mr. Coleman that the way of the railroad critic is hard. It was determined to make such rules for passengers as it pleased, and to enforce them in any manner that it chose, and if the traveler complained, he should be harried by infinite delays and expenses of the law, until, exhausted and disgusted, he withdrew from the contest. But in throwing Mr. Coleman from the train because he differed with the conductor as to a rule, the railroad challenged an opponent as tenacious and vigilant as itself. And although permanently injured by the brutal treatment which he received, Mr. Coleman has taught the road that passengers have rights which it must respect.

It is a victory for the whole traveling public, and it should lead to some legislation which would limit the discretion of the great railroad companies. They are so swiftly increasing in power, their capital is so vast, and their combinations so imperial, that they forget they are the servants, not the masters, of the public. The victory of Mr. Coleman is a wholesome hint to them, and the public thanks are due to a man who alone undertook a task which was thought to be so hopeless. It was an illustration of that pluck which is not frightened from trying to remedy abuses because the remedy costs time, trouble, and money. And if all travelers had a little of Mr. Coleman's spirit, the insolence of powerful monopolies would be constantly checked.

The wanton disregard of human life by these great companies is shown by the recent slaughter upon the Philadelphia and Baltimore road near Wilmington. It was one of those events that could not occur upon a railroad which is properly managed, and which furnishes another urgent argument for more stringent legislative supervision of the whole subject of passenger travel.

PERSONAL.

Sometimes funny things happen in church—almost always do when a nice lot of babies are brought to be christened; the little rats will give such little howls, or look up at ye minister in such a way as will make folks smile. A few Sundays since the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher held his regular baptismal service, and a goodly number of little ones were presented at the font. With one of these nice little curly-heads in his arms, Mr. Beecher said, "This child, whose name is Horace Greeley, I bap—" The announcement was received with a general and irresistible mirthfulness, which drowned the rest of the sentence. One lady, whose husband did not vote for H. G., was heard to exclaim, "What a shame, *and such a nice-looking little fellow too!*"

—If "the liberal soul shall be made fat," to what adipose proportions will one old bachelor reach who has been giving profusely to Princeton College! This "round, fat, oily man" (if he is not, he ought to be), is Mr. Greene, a warm personal friend of Professor Hodge, and gives mainly on his account. Already his benefactions amount to $200,000, besides which he is building some edifices for the college, and it is said that ultimately the balance of his estate—an odd million or so—will be left to the college. The turf will long be green above Mr. Greene, in the annals of old Princeton, after he shall have gone the way of the good.

—The Russian potentate has sent his portrait to Governor Curtin. It is a full-length. This compliment is the more significant because no court in Europe is so deeply versed as Russia in Pennsylvania politics. Mr. Buchanan first explained them, then Mr. Dallas went out and gave his views, then General Cameron ran over and set things to rights, after which Governor Curtin tried his hand, and came home to make his little mistake as to which side was going to win. But he has the portrait.

—In reply to numerous inquiries and suggestions, and to much good-humored banter in the newspapers, *anent* the supposed loss of Mr. Nast's occupation, we are happy to say that he is at present engaged in making illustrations for Harper's "Household Edition of Dickens." The illustrations to *Pickwick* will be from his pencil; and it is safe to predict that the wit and humor of the great novelist will find a rare interpreter in the greatest and most versatile caricaturist of this country.

—Mr. Holloway, the potentate of pill-makers, is about to build in England, at a cost of $500,000, an insane asylum. When Dr. Brandreth, the inventor of the pleasing purgative that bears his name, was in the Senate of this State, some one asked William Cassidy, the witty editor of the Albany *Argus*, if he did not regard Dr. B. as one of the rising young men of the Democracy. "Why," replied Mr. C., "he is already one of the very pill-ars of the party."

—Dr. J. Godwin Scott, a notable man in his way, has just died in Montgomery, Alabama. He was with Lord Byron in the East, and subsequently made many scientific explorations in remote and unknown regions. He came to this country many years ago as surgeon to a German colony which settled in the mountains of Tennessee. During the war he served on the medical staff of the Confederacy. He was connected with some of the best people in England, and married a sister of Professor Huxley.

—It is said that Mr. Washburne is quite likely to succeed Mr. Trumbull in the United States Senate, in which case Mr. A. B. Cornell, at present Surveyor of the Port, and member elect of the next Assembly, will possibly be nominated as minister to France.

—William Howitt, now in his seventy-sixth year, is preparing for publication a translation of *The Religion of Rome described by a Roman.* The recent publication of the work in Rome caused a commotion among the Italian priesthood, and its translation into English is undertaken with the author's permission. Mr. Howitt has written an introduction, which is itself being translated into the German and other languages. It is now forty-nine years since William and Mary Howitt published *The Forest Minstrel*, and since then he has been pretty steadily writing.

—Mr. Washburne has had compiled from the records of the Paris legation two large volumes of the diplomatic correspondence growing out of the Franco-German war, embracing every thing of interest connected with the war so far as our legation was concerned. This valuable collection has been placed in the State Department at Washington, and will prove of great value to future historians.

—Count Sclopis, one of the notable men at the Conference at Geneva, has presented to the university library at Turin all the documents connected with that body. They form more than forty large volumes, magnificently bound.

—Mr. Robert Bonner pooh-poohs the rumor that has been circulating in the papers that he contemplates retiring from the *Ledger*. He does not propose to retire from it "until he retires from the world."

—Prince Milan, of Servia, has come out an anti-capital-punishment man, and announced to his cabinet that he will henceforth sign no more death-warrants, and will pardon any convict who shows true repentance. It is expected that a general and heavy sorrow will forthwith pervade the penal institutions of Servia.

—Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, has signified his purpose to make a large contribution to the permanent endowment of Columbia College, located in Washington, and now under the presidency of James C. Welling, LL.D., formerly one of the editors of the old *National Intelligencer*.

—M. Murie, a noted character in Paris, has deceased. He was central cashier of the Department of the Interior, and during his long career had witnessed the entrance and exit of forty-three ministers. He was a poet in a mild way, and the oldest member of the singing club called the "Caveau."

—The Brooklyn people—that portion which has crystallized into the Faust Club—propose to do honor to the memory of the author of *Home, Sweet Home*, by erecting a monument to him in Prospect Park. John Howard Payne was born in this city just eighty years ago. After attaining considerable local popularity by his poems and plays, he was appointed United States consul at Tunis, and died there twenty years ago in poverty. Fortunately for his fame, he wrote one song that is sung in every land, and just so long as we poor mortals shall love our homes, so long will his memory continue to be cherished.

—The oldest printer in the country is said to be Andrew C. Huston, now living at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in his eighty-sixth year. He learned his trade with Zachariah Poulson, and conducted the *Argus* in Northumberland as far back as the year 1805, which was the only paper printed in that part of Pennsylvania.

—Some caitiff of the press has malevolently and surreptitiously caused it to be reported that "*old* Mr. Palmer, the sculptor," was about to quit his native heath at Albany, and in his old age, "sixty," move himself to Rome for the purpose of perfecting himself in the stone business. Mr. Palmer hurls back the vile aspersion both as to age and the other thing, asseverating upon his veracity as a man that he has not touched threescore, and upon his credit as a stone-cutter that he is not going to Rome. We are touched with delight at both facts, and trust that our friend may long be spared to Albany and art.

—In a recent "personal" we mentioned that Boucicault's play of *Arrah na Pogue* had been performed over 2000 times. A "personal" more remarkable in stage annals even than that is found in the fact that during the last sixteen years Mr. Sothern has played "Lord Dundreary" 2150 times, "David Garrick" 900 times, and "Brother Sam" 300 times. How he manages to remember them all is "something," as Dundreary says, "*no* fellow can understand."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A severe shock of earthquake occurred in New Hampshire November 18, which lasted about five seconds, and rocked the buildings violently.

The trial of William M. Tweed for corruption in office was resumed in the Court of Oyer and Terminer November 19, and by request of the defense was further postponed for one week.

A large number of the most respectable Israelites of this city are preparing measures for the protection of the exiled Roumanian Jews, several hundred of whom are expected here next spring.

A number of serious fires occurred during the week in various parts of the Union: in Jersey City, November 20, occasioning a loss of $375,000; in Boston, on the same date, with a loss of $300,000; in Lexington, Kentucky, November 21, loss $40,000; in Galva, Illinois, the same day, loss $500,000; and in Scranton, loss $20,000.

The Great Western Telegraph Company is about to establish additional telegraphic communication between England and New York. They also intend to connect the West Indies directly with New York and England, and contemplate telegraphic communication with Brazil.

The New York Board of Underwriters recommend that such a rate of insurance shall be placed upon buildings covered with Mansard-roofs as to make it undesirable to construct them.

The official canvass of votes in the County of New York has just been completed, showing among others the following results: Greeley's majority, 23,085; Kernan's majority, 21,315; Havemeyer's plurality, 8565; Sutherland, for City Judge, 25,336 majority; and Cox over Tremain, 25,213.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has resolved to ask the conferences for $911,200, with which to meet expenses for the coming year. Of this amount the New York and New York East conferences are expected to give $50,000 each, the Philadelphia $52,000, the Baltimore $42,000, and the New England Conference $30,000.

Another boat belonging to the ill-fated steamer *Missouri* has reached Nassau, with the first engineer and four others on board.

Jay Gould was arrested, November 22, on a warrant issued by Judge Fancher, of the Supreme Court, upon the charge of having appropriated $9,500,000 belonging to the Erie Railroad Company to his own use. He was released on giving $1,000,000 bail.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Reports of destruction by the recent terrible gales in Northern Europe continue to be received. Many lives were lost. Several villages in Schleswig and Holstein were destroyed by the hurricane. A number of towns in Pomerania were seriously damaged. The damage done in the island of Falster will exceed a million rix-dollars.

After an exciting debate in the French Assembly, November 18, President Thiers, who participated in the proceedings, demanded a vote of confidence, which was adopted by 267 yeas against 117 nays. A bill providing for the restitution of their confiscated property to the Orleans family has passed its second reading in the French Assembly.

Prince Bismarck, it is announced, has fully recovered from his recent illness.

Ten of the crew of the English transport *Himalaya*, while proceeding to shore in a boat in the harbor of Devonport, Devonshire, were capsized by a heavy sea, and all drowned.

The policemen and postmen of London are out on a strike for higher wages.

In the lower branch of the Spanish Cortes, November 19, Señor Reos announced that the system of trial by jury would be established in Spain before December 1.

It has been almost unanimously decided by the Lower House of the Prussian Diet to proceed to the second reading of the Counties Reform bill. The benefits of the measure will not be extended to Posen, because that province has not shown itself dutiful to the government.

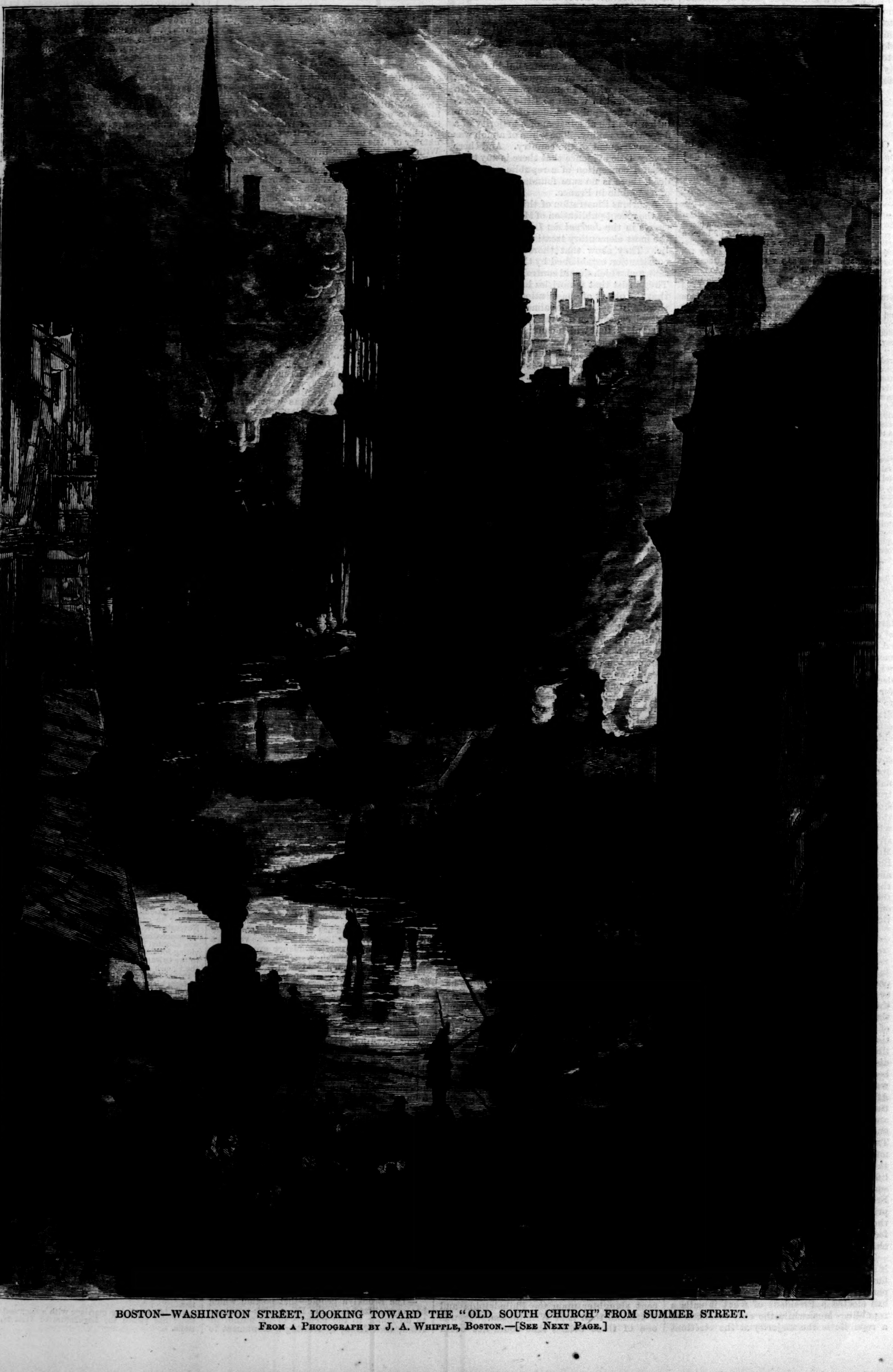
A band of thirty-six masked men have thrown a railroad train from the track and destroyed the telegraph wires between the towns of Almansa and Albacete, in the Spanish province of Murcia.

A committee of the Left Centre of the French Assembly have reported a platform recommending the appointment of a parliamentary committee of thirty to suggest organic laws for the republic, the prolongation of M. Thiers's term for four years, the nomination of a Vice-President, the creation of a Second Chamber, a renewal of the Assembly, ministerial responsibility, and the harmonizing of republican institutions. The extreme Left indorsed Gambetta's idea of dissolving the National Assembly as the sole remedy for existing troubles.

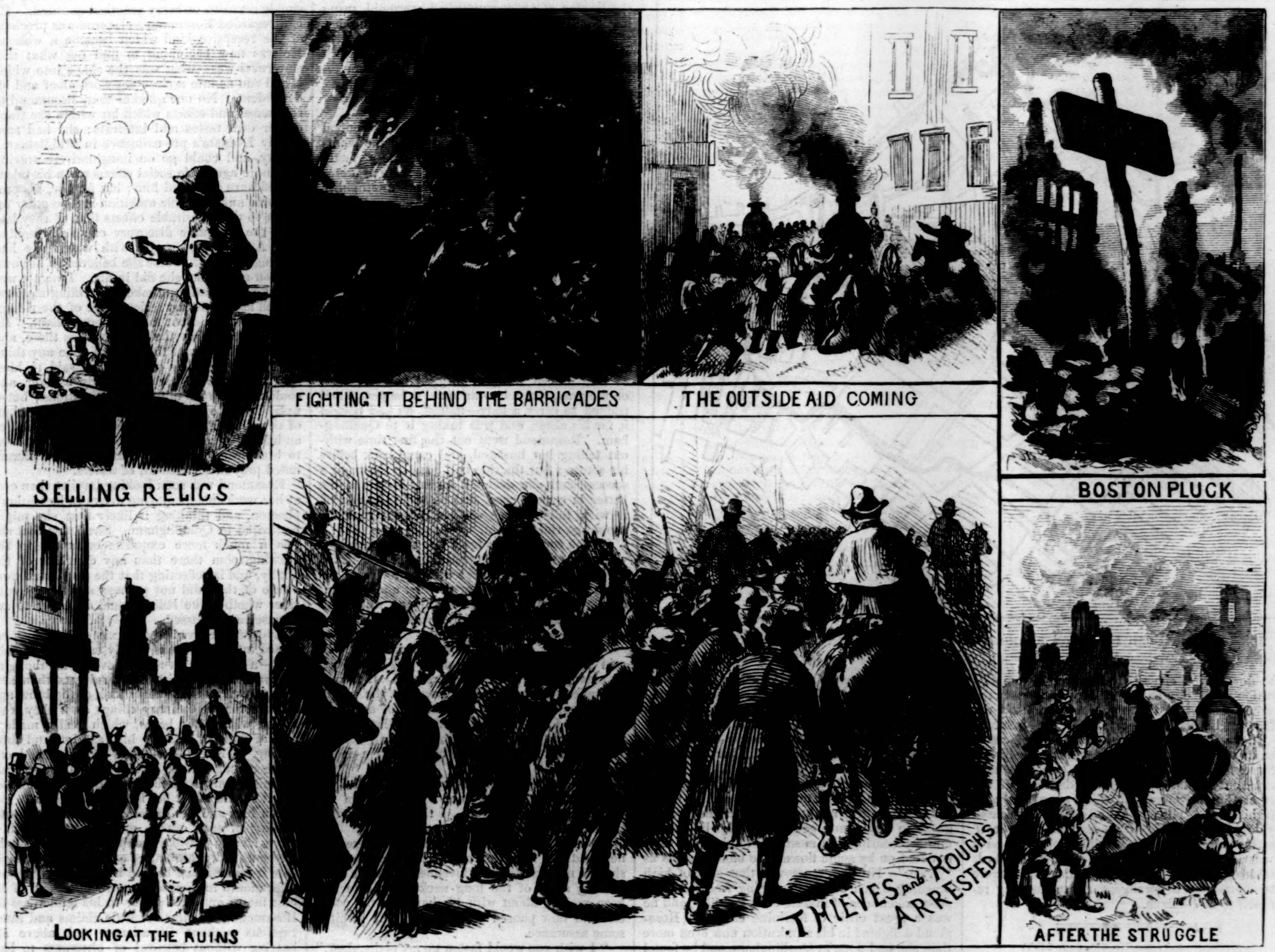
An Ecclesiastical Rights bill has been introduced in the German Diet, making it a crime for any clergyman to threaten by name a Prussian subject, or point him out as punishable, under penalty of two years' imprisonment or a fine of 5000 thalers, and ineligibility to office for five years.

A bill for the suppression of religious corporations has been introduced in the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

The bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister has passed the Legislature of Victoria, Australia.



BOSTON—WASHINGTON STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE "OLD SOUTH CHURCH" FROM SUMMER STREET.
From a Photograph by J. A. Whipple, Boston.—[See Next Page.]

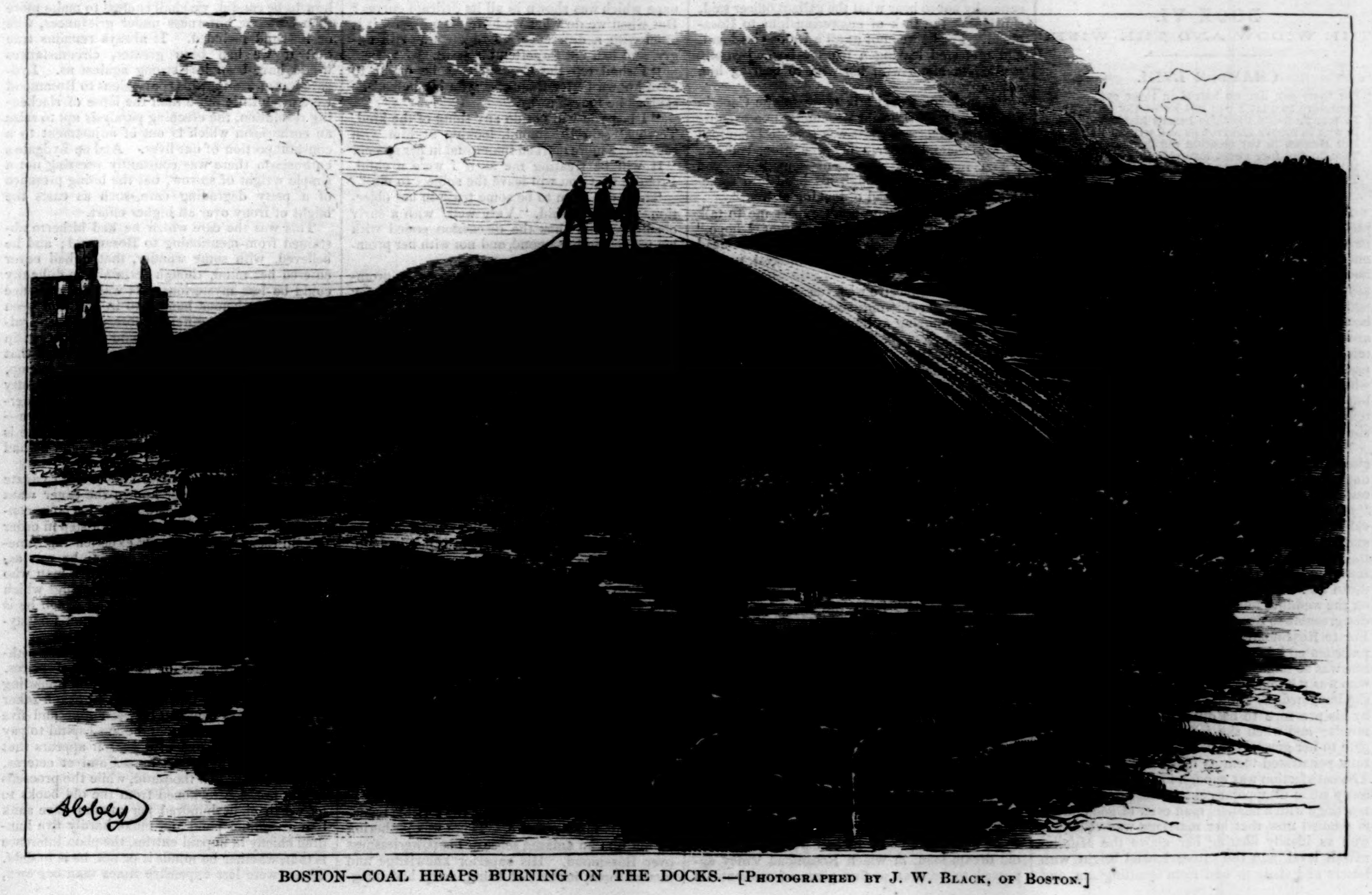

SELLING RELICS
FIGHTING IT BEHIND THE BARRICADES
THE OUTSIDE AID COMING
BOSTON PLUCK
LOOKING AT THE RUINS
THIEVES and ROUGHS ARRESTED
AFTER THE STRUGGLE

BOSTON—PICTURESQUE SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—[FROM PAUL FRENZENY'S SKETCH-BOOK.]

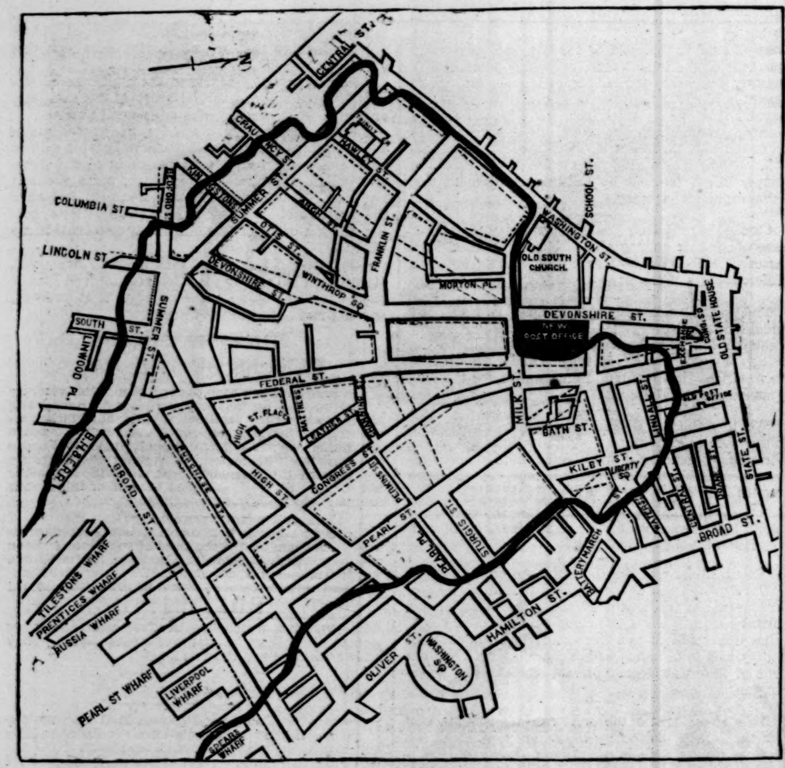
BOSTON AFTER THE FIRE.

ON the great docks which formed one boundary of the burned district of Boston were stored many thousand tons of coal, which took fire, and continued burning with a steady intensity for days after the progress of the flames among the stores and warehouses had been checked, notwithstanding the streams of water constantly poured upon them. The burning heaps had the appearance of small volcanoes, especially at night, when the dull red glare of the smouldering coal was reflected on the vapor and smoke that hung over them.

Our view of Washington Street, on the preceding page, gives an accurate representation of



BOSTON—COAL HEAPS BURNING ON THE DOCKS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK, OF BOSTON.]



BOSTON—PROPOSED PLAN FOR REARRANGING THE STREETS IN THE BURNED DISTRICT.

the devastation caused by the fire. From this portion of the city one can look directly over the burned district to the bay, where so lately the view was limited to the breadth of the street.

The question of rearranging the lines of streets throughout the burned district is seriously discussed in Boston; and the city engineers have made out a plan for the consideration of the Street Commissioners, of which we give a copy on this page. The new boundaries are indicated by dotted lines; and our readers will see that, if carried out, the projected alterations will be a great improvement upon the narrow, crooked, and irregular streets, lanes, and alleys which were the distraction of strangers, and a standing reproach to Bostonians.

(Continued from No. 831, page 943*.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK VI.

THE WIDOW AND THE WIFE.

CHAPTER LVIII.

> "For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
> Therefore in that I can not know thy change:
> In many's looks the false heart's history
> Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
> But Heaven in thy creation did decree
> That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
> Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
> Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell."
> —Shakspeare: *Sonnets.*

At the time when Mr. Vincy uttered that presentiment about Rosamond, she herself had never had the idea that she should be driven to make the sort of appeal which he foresaw. She had not yet had any anxiety about ways and means, although her domestic life had been expensive as well as eventful. Her baby had been born prematurely, and all the embroidered robes and caps had to be laid by in darkness. This misfortune was attributed entirely to her having persisted in going out on horseback one day when her husband had desired her not to do so; but it must not be supposed that she had shown temper on the occasion, or rudely told him that she would do as she liked.

What led her particularly to desire horse exercise was a visit from Captain Lydgate, the baronet's third son, who, I am sorry to say, was detested by our Tertius of that name as a vapid fop, "parting his hair from brow to nape in a despicable fashion" (not followed by Tertius himself), and showing an ignorant security that he knew the proper thing to say on every topic. Lydgate inwardly cursed his own folly that he had drawn down this visit by consenting to go to his uncle's on the wedding-tour, and he made himself rather disagreeable to Rosamond by saying so in private. For to Rosamond this visit was a source of unprecedented but gracefully concealed exultation. She was so intensely conscious of having a cousin who was a baronet's son staying in the house that she imagined the knowledge of what was implied by his presence to be diffused through all other minds; and when she introduced Captain Lydgate to her guests, she had a placid sense that his rank penetrated them as if it had been an odor. The satisfaction was enough for the time to melt away some disappointment in the conditions of marriage with a medical man even of good birth: it seemed now that her marriage was visibly as well as ideally floating her above the Middlemarch level, and the future looked bright with letters and visits to and from Quallingham, and vague advancement in consequence for Tertius. Especially as, probably at the Captain's suggestion, his married sister, Mrs. Mengan, had come with her maid, and staid two nights on her way from town. Hence it was clearly worth while for Rosamond to take pains with her music and the careful selection of her lace.

As to Captain Lydgate himself, his low brow, his aquiline nose bent on one side, and his rather heavy utterance, might have been disadvantageous in any young gentleman who had not a military bearing and mustache to give him what is doted on by some flower-like blonde heads as "style." He had, moreover, that sort of high breeding which consists in being free from the petty solicitudes of middle-class gentility, and he was a great critic of feminine charms. Rosamond delighted in his admiration now even more than she had done at Quallingham, and he found it easy to spend several hours of the day in flirting with her. The visit altogether was one of the pleasantest larks he had ever had, not the less so perhaps because he suspected that his queer cousin Tertius wished him away: though Lydgate, who would rather (hyperbolically speaking) have died than have failed in polite hospitality, suppressed his dislike, and only pretended generally not to hear what the gallant officer said, consigning the task of answering him to Rosamond. For he was not at all a jealous husband, and preferred leaving a feather-headed young gentleman alone with his wife to bearing him company.

"I wish you would talk more to the Captain at dinner, Tertius," said Rosamond one evening when the important guest was gone to Loamford to see some brother officers stationed there. "You really look so absent sometimes—you seem to be seeing through his head into something behind it, instead of looking at him."

"My dear Rosy, you don't expect me to talk much to such a conceited ass as that, I hope," said Lydgate, brusquely. "If he got his head broken, I might look at it with interest, not before."

"I can not conceive why you should speak of your cousin so contemptuously," said Rosamond, her fingers moving at her work while she spoke with a mild gravity which had a touch of disdain in it.

"Ask Ladislaw if he doesn't think your Captain the greatest bore he ever met with. Ladislaw has almost forsaken the house since he came."

Rosamond thought she knew perfectly well why Mr. Ladislaw disliked the Captain: he was jealous, and she liked his being jealous.

"It is impossible to say what will suit eccentric persons," she answered, "but in my opinion Captain Lydgate is a thorough gentleman, and I think you ought not, out of respect to Sir Godwin, to treat him with neglect."

"No, dear; but we have had dinners for him. And he comes in and goes out as he likes. He doesn't want me."

"Still, when he is in the room, you might show him more attention. He may not be a phenix of cleverness in your sense; his profession is different; but it would be all the better for you to talk a little on his subjects. *I* think his conversation is quite agreeable. And he is any thing but an unprincipled man."

"The fact is, you would wish me to be a little more like him, Rosy," said Lydgate, in a sort of resigned murmur, with a smile which was not exactly tender, and certainly not merry. Rosamond was silent, and did not smile again; but the lovely curves of her face looked good-tempered enough without smiling.

Those words of Lydgate's were like a sad milestone marking how far he had traveled from his old dream-land, in which Rosamond Vincy appeared to be that perfect piece of womanhood who would reverence her husband's mind after the fashion of an accomplished mermaid, using her comb and looking-glass, and singing her song for the relaxation of his adored wisdom alone. He had begun to distinguish between that imagined adoration and the attraction toward a man's talent because it gives him prestige, and is like an order in his button-hole or an Honorable before his name.

It might have been supposed that Rosamond had traveled too, since she had found the pointless conversation of Mr. Ned Plymdale perfectly wearisome; but to most mortals there is a stupidity which is unendurable, and a stupidity which is altogether acceptable—else, indeed, what would become of social bonds? Captain Lydgate's stupidity was delicately scented, carried itself with "style," talked with a good accent, and was closely related to Sir Godwin. Rosamond found it quite agreeable, and caught many of its phrases.

Therefore since Rosamond, as we know, was fond of horseback, there were plenty of reasons why she should be tempted to resume her riding when Captain Lydgate, who had ordered his man with two horses to follow him and put up at the "Green Dragon," begged her to go out on the gray, which he warranted to be gentle and trained to carry a lady—indeed, he had bought it for his sister, and was taking it to Quallingham. Rosamond went out the first time without telling her husband, and came back before his return; but the ride had been so thorough a success, and she declared herself so much the better in consequence, that he was informed of it with full reliance on his consent that she should go riding again.

On the contrary, Lydgate was more than hurt—he was utterly confounded that she had risked herself on a strange horse without referring the matter to his wish. After the first almost thundering exclamations of astonishment, which sufficiently warned Rosamond of what was coming, he was silent for some moments.

"However, you have come back safely," he said at last, in a decisive tone. "You will not go again, Rosy; that is understood. If it were the quietest, most familiar horse in the world, there would always be the chance of accident. And you know very well that I wished you to give up riding the roan on that account."

"But there is the chance of accident in-doors, Tertius."

"My darling, don't talk nonsense," said Lydgate, in an imploring tone; "surely I am the person to judge for you. I think it is enough that I say you are not to go again."

Rosamond was arranging her hair before dinner, and the reflection of her head in the glass showed no change in its loveliness except a little turning aside of the long neck. Lydgate had been moving about with his hands in his pockets, and now paused near her, as if he awaited some assurance.

"I wish you would fasten up my plaits, dear," said Rosamond, letting her arms fall with a little sigh, so as to make a husband ashamed of standing there like a brute. Lydgate had often fastened the plaits before, being among the deftest of men with his large finely-formed fingers. He swept up the soft festoons of plaits and fastened in the tall comb (to such uses do men come!): and what could he do then but kiss the exquisite nape which was shown in all its delicate curves? But when we do what we have done before, it is often with a difference. Lydgate was still angry, and had not forgotten his point.

"I shall tell the Captain that he ought to have known better than offer you his horse," he said, as he moved away.

"I beg you will not do any thing of the kind, Tertius," said Rosamond, looking at him with something more marked than usual in her speech. "It will be treating me as if I were a child. Promise that you will leave the subject to me."

There did seem to be some truth in her objection. Lydgate said, "Very well," with a surly obedience, and thus the discussion ended with his promising Rosamond, and not with her promising him.

In fact, she had been determined not to promise. Rosamond had that victorious obstinacy which never wastes its energy in impetuous resistance. What she liked to do was to her the right thing, and all her cleverness was directed to getting the means of doing it. She meant to go out riding again on the gray, and she did go on the next opportunity of her husband's absence, not intending that he should know until it was late enough not to signify to her. The temptation was certainly great: she was very fond of the exercise, and the gratification of riding on a fine horse, with Captain Lydgate, Sir Godwin's son, on another fine horse by her side, and of being met in this position by any one but her husband, was something as good as her dreams before marriage: moreover, she was riveting the connection with the family at Quallingham, which must be a wise thing to do.

But the gentle gray, unprepared for the crash of a tree that was being felled on the edge of Halsell wood, took fright, and caused a worse fright to Rosamond, leading finally to the loss of her baby. Lydgate could not show his anger toward her, but he was rather bearish to the Captain, whose visit naturally soon came to an end.

In all future conversations on the subject Rosamond was mildly certain that the ride had made no difference, and that if she had staid at home the same symptoms would have come on and would have ended in the same way, because she had felt something like them before.

Lydgate could only say, "Poor, poor darling!" but he secretly wondered over the terrible tenacity of this mild creature. There was gathering within him an amazed sense of his powerlessness over Rosamond. His superior knowledge and mental force, instead of being, as he had imagined, a shrine to consult on all occasions, was simply set aside on every practical question. He had regarded Rosamond's cleverness as precisely of the receptive kind which became a woman. He was now beginning to find out what that cleverness was—what was the shape into which it had run as into a close net-work aloof and independent. No one quicker than Rosamond to see causes and effects which lay within the track of her own tastes and interests: she had seen clearly Lydgate's pre-eminence in Middlemarch society, and could go on imaginatively tracing still more agreeable social effects when his talent should have advanced him; but for her, his professional and scientific ambition had no other relation to these desirable effects than if they had been the fortunate discovery of an ill-smelling oil. And that oil apart, with which she had nothing to do, of course she believed in her own opinion more than she did in his. Lydgate was astounded to find in numberless trifling matters, as well as in this last serious case of the riding, that affection did not make her compliant. He had no doubt that the affection was there, and had no presentiment that he had done any thing to repel it. For his own part he said to himself that he loved her as tenderly as ever, and could make up his mind to her negations; but—well! Lydgate was much worried, and conscious of new elements in his life as noxious to him as an inlet of mud to a creature that has been used to breathe and bathe and dart after its illuminated prey in the clearest of waters.

Rosamond was soon looking lovelier than ever at her work-table, enjoying drives in her father's phaeton, and thinking it likely that she might be invited to Quallingham. She knew that she was a much more exquisite ornament to the drawing-room there than any daughter of the family, and in reflecting that the gentlemen were aware of that, did not perhaps sufficiently consider whether the ladies would be eager to see themselves surpassed.

Lydgate, relieved from anxiety about her, relapsed into what she inwardly called his moodiness—a name which to her covered his thoughtful preoccupation with other subjects than herself, as well as that uneasy look of the brow and distaste for all ordinary things as if they were mixed with bitter herbs, which really made a sort of weather-glass to his vexation and foreboding. These latter states of mind had one cause among others, which he had generously but mistakenly avoided mentioning to Rosamond, lest it should affect her health and spirits. Between him and her, indeed, there was that total missing of each other's mental track, which is too evidently possible even between persons who are continually thinking of each other. To Lydgate it seemed that he had been spending month after month in sacrificing more than half of his best intent and best power to his tenderness for Rosamond; bearing her little claims and interruptions without impatience, and, above all, bearing without betrayal of bitterness to look through less and less of interfering illusion at the blank unreflecting surface her mind presented to his ardor for the more impersonal ends of his profession and his scientific study, an ardor which he had fancied that the ideal wife must somehow worship as sublime, though not in the least knowing why. But his endurance was mingled with a self-discontent which, if we know how to be candid, we shall confess to make more than half our bitterness under grievances, wife or husband included. It always remains true that if we had been greater, circumstances would have been less strong against us. Lydgate was aware that his concessions to Rosamond were often little more than the lapse of slackening resolution, the creeping paralysis apt to seize an enthusiasm which is out of adjustment to a constant portion of our lives. And on Lydgate's enthusiasm there was constantly pressing not a simple weight of sorrow, but the biting presence of a petty degrading care, such as casts the blight of irony over all higher effort.

This was the care which he had hitherto abstained from mentioning to Rosamond; and he believed, with some wonder, that it had never entered her mind, though certainly no difficulty could be less mysterious. It was an inference with a conspicuous handle to it, and had been easily drawn by indifferent observers, that Lydgate was in debt; and he could not succeed in keeping out of his mind for long together that he was every day getting deeper into that swamp, which tempts men toward it with such a pretty covering of flowers and verdure. It is wonderful how soon a man gets up to his chin there—in a condition in which, spite of himself, he is forced to think chiefly of release, though he had a scheme of the universe in his soul.

Eighteen months ago we know that Lydgate was poor, but had never known the eager want of small sums, and felt rather a burning contempt for any one who descended a step in order to gain them. He was now experiencing something worse than a simple deficit: he was assailed by the vulgar hateful trials of a man who has bought and used a great many things which might have been done without, and which he is unable to pay for, though the demand for payment has become pressing.

How this came about may be easily seen without much arithmetic or knowledge of prices. When a man in setting up a house and preparing for marriage finds that his furniture and other initial expenses come to between four and five hundred pounds more than he has capital to pay for—when at the end of a year it appears that his household expenses, horses and et ceteras, amount to nearly a thousand, while the proceeds of the practice reckoned from the old books to be worth eight hundred per annum have sunk like a summer pond and make hardly five hundred chiefly in unpaid entries, the plain inference is that, whether he minds it or not, he is in debt. Those were less expensive times than our own, and provincial life was comparatively modest; but the ease with which a medical man who had lately bought a practice, who thought he was obliged to keep two horses, whose table was supplied without stint, and who paid an insurance on his life and a high rent for house and garden, might find his expenses doubling his receipts, can be conceived by any one who does not think these details beneath his consideration. Rosamond, accustomed from her childhood to an extravagant household, thought that good housekeeping consisted simply in ordering the best of every thing—nothing else "answered;" and Lydgate supposed that "if things were done at all, they must be done properly"—he did not see how they were to live otherwise. If each head of household expenditure had been mentioned to him beforehand, he would have probably observed that "it could hardly come to much," and if any one had suggested a saving on a particular article—for example, the substitution of cheap fish for dear—it would have appeared to him simply a penny-wise, mean notion. Rosamond, even without such an occasion as Captain Lydgate's visit, was fond of giving invitations, and Lydgate, though he often thought the guests tiresome, did not interfere. This sociability seemed a necessary part of professional prudence, and the entertainment must be suitable. It is true Lydgate was constantly visiting the homes of the poor, and adjusting his prescriptions of diet to their small means; but, dear me! has it not by this time ceased to be remarkable—is it not rather what we expect in men—that they should have numerous strands of experience lying side by side, and never compare them with each other? Expenditure—like ugliness and errors—becomes a totally new thing when we attach our own personality to it, and measure it by that wide difference which is manifest (in our own sensations) between ourselves and others. Lydgate believed himself to be careless about his dress, and he despised a man who calculated the effects of his costume; it seemed to him only a matter of course that he had abundance of fresh garments—such things were naturally ordered in sheaves. It must be remembered that he had never hitherto felt the check of importunate debt, and he walked by habit, not by self-criticism. But the check had come.

Its novelty made it the more irritating. He was amazed, disgusted, that conditions so foreign to all his purposes, so hatefully disconnected with the objects he cared to occupy himself with, should have lain in ambush and clutched him when he was unaware. And there was not only the actual debt: there was the certainty that in his present position he must go on deepening it. Two furnishing tradesmen at Brassing, whose bills had been incurred before his marriage, and whom uncalculated current expenses had ever since prevented him from paying, had repeatedly sent him unpleasant letters which had forced themselves on his attention. This could hardly have been more galling to any disposition than to Lydgate's, with his intense pride—his dislike of asking a favor or being under an obligation to any one. He had scorned even to form conjectures about Mr. Vincy's intentions on money-matters, and nothing but extremity could have induced him to apply to his father-in-law, even if he had not been made aware in various indirect ways since his marriage that Mr. Vincy's own affairs were not flourishing, and that the expectation of help from him would be resented. Some men easily trust in the readiness of friends; it had never in the former part of his life occurred to Lydgate that he should need to do so: he had never thought what borrowing would be to him; but now that the idea had entered his mind, he felt that he would rather incur any other hardship. In the mean time he had no money or prospects of money; and his practice was not getting more lucrative.

No wonder that Lydgate had been unable to suppress all signs of inward trouble during the last few months, and now that Rosamond was regaining brilliant health, he meditated taking her entirely into confidence on his difficulties. New conversance with tradesmen's bills had forced his reasoning into a new channel of comparison: he had begun to consider from a new point of view what was necessary and unnecessary in goods ordered, and to see that there must be some change of habits. How could such a change be made without Rosamond's concurrence? The immediate occasion of opening the disagreeable fact to her was forced upon him.

Having no money, and having privately sought advice as to what security could possibly be given by a man in his position, Lydgate had offered the one good security in his power to the less peremptory creditor, who was a silversmith and jeweler, and who consented to take on himself the upholsterer's credit also, accepting interest for a given term. The security necessary was a bill of sale on the furniture of his house, which might make a creditor easy for a reasonable time about a debt amounting to less than four hundred pounds; and the silversmith, Mr. Dover, was willing to reduce it by taking back a portion of the plate and any other article which was as good as new. "Any other article" was a phrase delicately implying jewelry, and more particularly some purple amethysts costing thirty pounds, which Lydgate had bought as a bridal present.

Opinions may be divided as to his wisdom in making this present: some may think that it was a graceful attention to be expected from a man like Lydgate, and that the fault of any troublesome consequences lay in the pinched narrowness of provincial life at that time, which offered no conveniences for professional people whose fortune was not proportioned to their tastes; also in Lydgate's ridiculous fastidiousness about asking his friends for money.

However, it had seemed a question of no moment to him on that fine morning when he went to give a final order for plate: in the presence of other jewels enormously expensive, and as an addition to orders of which the amount had not been exactly calculated, thirty pounds for ornaments so exquisitely suited to Rosamond's neck and arms could hardly appear excessive when there was no ready cash for it to exceed. But at this crisis Lydgate's imagination could not help dwelling on the possibility of letting the amethysts take their place again among Mr. Dover's stock, though he shrank from the idea of proposing this to Rosamond. Having been roused to discern consequences which he had never been in the habit of tracing, he was preparing to act on this discernment with some of the rigor (by no means all) that he would have applied in pursuing experiment. He was nerving himself to this rigor as he rode from Brassing, and meditated on the representations he must make to Rosamond.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Hood, the prince of humorists, made out the last autumnal month to be a most cheerless season, his description of it being a long list of negations, ending with—

> "No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
> No comfortable feel in any member;
> No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
> No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
> November!"

In this country we are not quite so desolate even in that so-called dreary month—*not yet;* but surely the seasons are changing, and the time seems not far distant when the icy hand of winter will stretch out and clutch a portion of our once charming fall. In 1871 the first snow-storm in New York came about the middle of December; this year the pure, cold, white flakes covered the earth a month earlier. True, we may still look for that mythical season called Indian summer: it may happen upon us in the midst of Thanksgiving festivities—so strange nowadays are the freaks of the weather; but the chances are that the ruddy glow of the fire on the hearth will then be needed to cheer eye and heart. It was traditionary among the old-time Indians that after the fall of the leaf in November there came a term of delightful mildness—a hunting season sent by the Great Spirit. Even *we* have vague memories of charming hazy days, warm and dreamy. The memory is only tantalizing: the Indian summer is a relic of the past.

The Mansard-roof has received many pet names of late: "fatal gift," "tinder-box," "top-lofty fire-trap," "fatal, fascinating invention," and "treacherous device" are some of these.

Nearly two hundred years ago, in November, 1676, a destructive fire ravaged Boston; the flames were extinguished by a fortunate rain, for in those days there were no organized fire-companies. Other conflagrations visited the city from time to time; but what is commonly known as the "Great Fire" of Boston occurred in March, 1760, when about three hundred and fifty dwellings were reduced to ashes. At that time liberal contributions came from England to relieve the sufferers.

The horrors of the East African slave-trade are well known; but they have been exemplified anew by the recent capture of a slave dow, of which an account is given in the *Times of India.* In addition to the terribly crowded condition of the slaves and the fearfully foul state of the hold, the miseries of the poor creatures were complicated by the presence of small-pox. Thirty-five were discovered on board, at the time of the capture, in various stages of the disease, of whom a great part subsequently died; and it turned out on inquiry that at the first outbreak of the epidemic the Arab crew had endeavored to stamp it out by the simple process of throwing overboard all infected. Forty perished in this manner, but afterward the disease gained such a head that the attempt to check it was abandoned, and it was allowed to take its course among the slaves. A large portion of the cargo were children, many of them not more than three years old, and "most of them bearing marks of the brutality of the Arabs." The London *Court Journal,* in speaking of this case, says: "Hitherto the exertions of our cruisers on the east coast of Africa have been in a great measure futile, because a certain license has been given to the coasting trade in slaves, and the illicit traffic has been sheltered and encouraged by that which we permitted. Obviously the only remedy is root-and-branch destruction."

Harvard University lost heavily by the Boston fire. It held property in the burned district to the amount of $562,000, which includes the value of the land. It is estimated that the permanent loss is not far from $200,000, outside of the insurances. The friends of the institution will see that there is ample opportunity for their generous contributions.

Merle d'Aubigné left two partially completed volumes on the Reformation, in which the history is brought down to the death of Luther. So says a German paper.

A sister of Mr. Spurgeon is successfully preaching at Willingham, Cambridgeshire, England. The police authorities have expressed their thanks to her for effecting a decrease in the number of criminal cases.

Quaint conceits have little folks. "My leg won't walk," said a little girl as she limped down stairs after some slight hurt; "my bones need oiling." The same little girl, having been troubled for some days with canker in her mouth, had contracted some careless ways in eating. One day her mother reproved her: "My dear, do not make so much noise with your lips."

"But, mamma," was the quick response, "it is a great deal easier to *eat out loud* when you have a sore mouth."

The population of Jerusalem is now estimated at 18,000, of whom about 5000 are Mohammedans, 9000 Jews, and the rest Christians of various denominations. The chief native industry is the manufacture of soap, and what is called "Jerusalem ware," consisting of chaplets, crucifixes, beads, etc., made of mother-of-pearl and olive-wood, and sold to the pilgrims who annually resort to the Holy City.

During the great fire in Chicago one of the most serious difficulties the firemen had to contend with was the loss of the water supply, which occurred at an early hour after the outbreak of the flames, by the disabling of the reservoir. The Chicago water-works were situated in the heart of the city, and were justly the pride of the inhabitants; but being overtaken by the fire, they were rendered completely useless. Lake Cochituate, which supplies Boston with water, is situated about twenty miles from the city, and from a receiving-reservoir in Brookline, about fifteen miles from the city, the water is distributed through Boston. At one time during the late fire it was feared the supply might fail, but by skillful management this catastrophe was avoided.

Chicago is providing against a deficiency of water in case of another conflagration. No less than sixteen Artesian wells have been or are now being bored in different parts of the city.

The great French calculator, Babinet, is dead. His predictions, however, were not always fulfilled. For example, long ago he staked his reputation that no telegram would ever be transmitted under the Atlantic to America. His reputation must suffer, for the telegrams come thick and fast.

Whether Charles Dickens's head ever underwent a phrenological examination, we know not. But an enterprising phrenologist once wrote a note to him, begging permission to discover his bumps, etc. Dickens replied:

"Dear Sir,—At this time I require the use of my skull, but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."

An exchange remarks that any one who supposes "Old Probabilities" is a grizzly old wizard whose eyes are bleared by the lightnings, and whose shoulders are bent by storms, is very much mistaken. "Old Prob," alias General Myer, is a fresh and vivacious youth of thirty, said to be mated with a charming wife, and has one of the most elegant private residences in Washington.

It is stated that a thorough canvass was made at Vassar College just before election-day, with the following result: for Grant, 273; for Greeley, 66; undecided, 40. The political views of the young ladies of that institution seem to accord very well with the general sentiment in more public circles.

A large new market has been opened in New York, at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street, North River. It occupies an entire block, and promises to be one of the best-appointed establishments of the kind.

The following anecdote, told of Secretary Seward and President Lincoln, will be of interest at this time:

A lady once went to Mr. Seward's office with a note to this effect: "Let this woman have $100 on account of the secret service fund, and send her on her mission." The note was signed "A. L." It is well known that Congress votes the President from $60,000 to $100,000 annually as a secret service fund. Of this the Secretary of State is the custodian. He must countersign the President's order, or not a dollar of the fund can be used. But after the President receives the money nobody can inquire what he does with it. Mr. Seward inquired of the woman what secret service she was to perform that would justify his paying her $100. "Well, she was going to England to create a public sentiment there in favor of our country." The case was what Mr. Seward supposed. The woman had been hanging round the White House, bothering the life out of the President, and to get rid of her he proposed to give her one hundred dollars. "I can give you no money for such a purpose," said the Secretary of State. "Your services are worth nothing." The lady was not only indignant, but astonished. "So you refuse to obey the President's order?" "I do." "And you are a greater man than Mr. Lincoln; and when he says let me have $100 of his own money, you say I sha'n't have it." "Well, madam, if the President wants to give you $100 out of his own salary, he has a perfect right to do it; but you can have no money out of the secret service fund for such an errand." "Give me my papers, Sir," said the excited lady; and off she started to find the President. Mr. Lincoln groaned as she crossed the threshold: "Well, what now?" "Mr. Seward won't give the money;" and she told her story. "Well, madam," said the President, "I can do no more for you. I told you I had very little influence with this administration."

Somewhere on the Jersey shore there has occurred a marriage of primitive simplicity. It is worthy of note. When the clergyman who had been summoned arrived at the house he found the expectant bride arrayed in neat homespun, with sleeves rolled up, churning butter. The bridegroom was at work in the fields. He was called in; the twain were made one, and then promptly returned to their respective duties.

The chickens, hens, and turkeys gave the country a dreadful fright a week or two ago, threatening to make themselves unfit to be eaten, and thereby to save themselves from the doom that awaits all good chickens and turkeys about Thanksgiving-time. In fact, people began to apprehend a possible lack of poultry at the Thanksgiving dinner. The idea was not to be entertained—a Thanksgiving without turkey?—impossible! So the fowls were sternly informed that their presence was indispensable on that occasion, and they must prepare to attend. Probably they were thoroughly frightened by the dreadful names which were hurled at them—we have forgotten most of these, but "henfluenza" and "ornicephalzymosis" are samples—and concluded there was safety only in recovery. At least there are enough fine fat fowl to be a cause of genuine thankfulness.

It has been often said that the consumer of coffee can secure himself against adulterated compounds by purchasing the article in the berry form. We are informed that this is a vain delusion—that an extensive trade exists for manufacturing coffee in the berry form, a composite mass being cast into moulds. There are worse adulterations of coffee than chiccory. *Once a Week* gives a list of substitutes for the genuine article, which includes roasted wheat, ground acorns, roasted carrots, scorched beans, roasted parsnips, mangel-wurzel, lupin seeds, dogs' biscuits, burned sugar, red earth, roasted horse-chestnuts, mahogany dust—and last, but not least, baked horses' and bullocks' livers.

An English paper states that more than 83,000 copies of the household edition of *David Copperfield* have been sold "within the last three weeks." This shows the popularity of the work which Mr. Dickens considered his best novel.

Physicians have their eccentricities, and not unfrequently they appear in the odd manner in which they collect their fees. A well-known medical man once sent in his annual bill for services rendered in the family of a particular friend, when, in point of fact, he had not been in the house professionally during the entire year. The bill was paid as usual, but when the head of the family met the doctor he remarked, "Doctor, I got your bill the other day, but I don't remember that any of us have been sick this year."

"Very likely not," answered the bluff man of science; "but I stopped several times at the area gate, and inquired of the servants how you all were."

Another physician, who was for many years one of the prominent medical men in New York, is said to have once sent in a bill for three hundred and forty-two dollars and ninety-two cents, or some similarly odd sum. This curious bill was also paid, but when the patient met his physician he inquired, "How, doctor, did you ever get that odd ninety-two cents in my bill?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "that is easily explained. My grocer's bill was just for that amount, and I knew of no one who would so cheerfully pay it as yourself, and so I made one pay the other."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following is a correct copy of a notice recently posted up at a Scotch watering-place: "Here I beg notice, here in this place, below here, that I pier master here say that any persons who have lost a purse containing a small sum of money, on the sea-shore here, may hear of something to their advantage by applying to the pier master here. N.B. No other notice given here. L—— Quay here, 16 of this month August. Notice is missed at the top here."

Unfashionable Intelligence.—At the recent wedding of the daughter of the chief of the Piute Indians with a young lieutenant, at Salt Lake, the bride was "attired in a blanket, décolletée, with oyster-shell necklace, and ate heartily at the wedding feast of fricasseed prairie-dog."

"I say, Dick, which was the first created, man or woman?" "Why, woman, of course—every body knows that Eve was the first maid."

Gone Courting—The lawyers.

A very self-sufficient and foolish M.C. said one day to a lady, "I should certainly have succeeded rapidly and brilliantly, if my absurd modesty—" Here the lady interrupted him, saying, "Remember the good old rule, never to speak ill of the absent."

"Are dose bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered Tibe; "dey ab got plenty of fire, and de bells are now ringing for water."

Sic Transit—That across the ocean.

To Remove Weeds (Widows')—Set a good-looking man to work.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than *mine?*" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

An "artist in marble" elaborated what he considered a triumphant statue of that king of beasts, the lion, and sent it to compete for a prize at an exhibition of statuary. He received the "first prize for a beautiful sleeping bull-pup in marble."

"An old Boarding-house Mystery" is the title of an article in a New York daily. It must mean hash. That is the oldest boarding-house mystery we ever read of.

Why is the letter Y like a young lady?—Because it makes pa pay.

What is the difference between an overcoat and a baby?—An overcoat is what you wear (were), and a baby is what you was.

A St. Louis man was pointing out on a map of New York city the spot where he resided before coming there. "The people with whom you stopped were sorry to part with you, were they not?" inquired an acquaintance. "Of course they were," responded he, frankly; "and they wouldn't part with my trunk at all—they had an attachment for that trunk. Yes," he continued, musingly, "I suppose I own as many trunks as any man in America, and it is quite likely that I'll never see them again."

Foolish Experiment.—There are, says a Western paper, various ways of ascertaining whether a gun is loaded, but blowing in at the muzzle and pressing the hammer back with the foot at the same time is not a good way. A young man adopted this plan a few days ago, and though the coroner concluded that the gun was loaded, the information was of no use to the young man.

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another, who had taken the best apple in the dish; "I was going to take that."

When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

In one of the suburban schools a school inspector gave out the word "psalter" to a class for spelling. It was a poser to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, but, being asked to define it, he shouted out, "More salt."

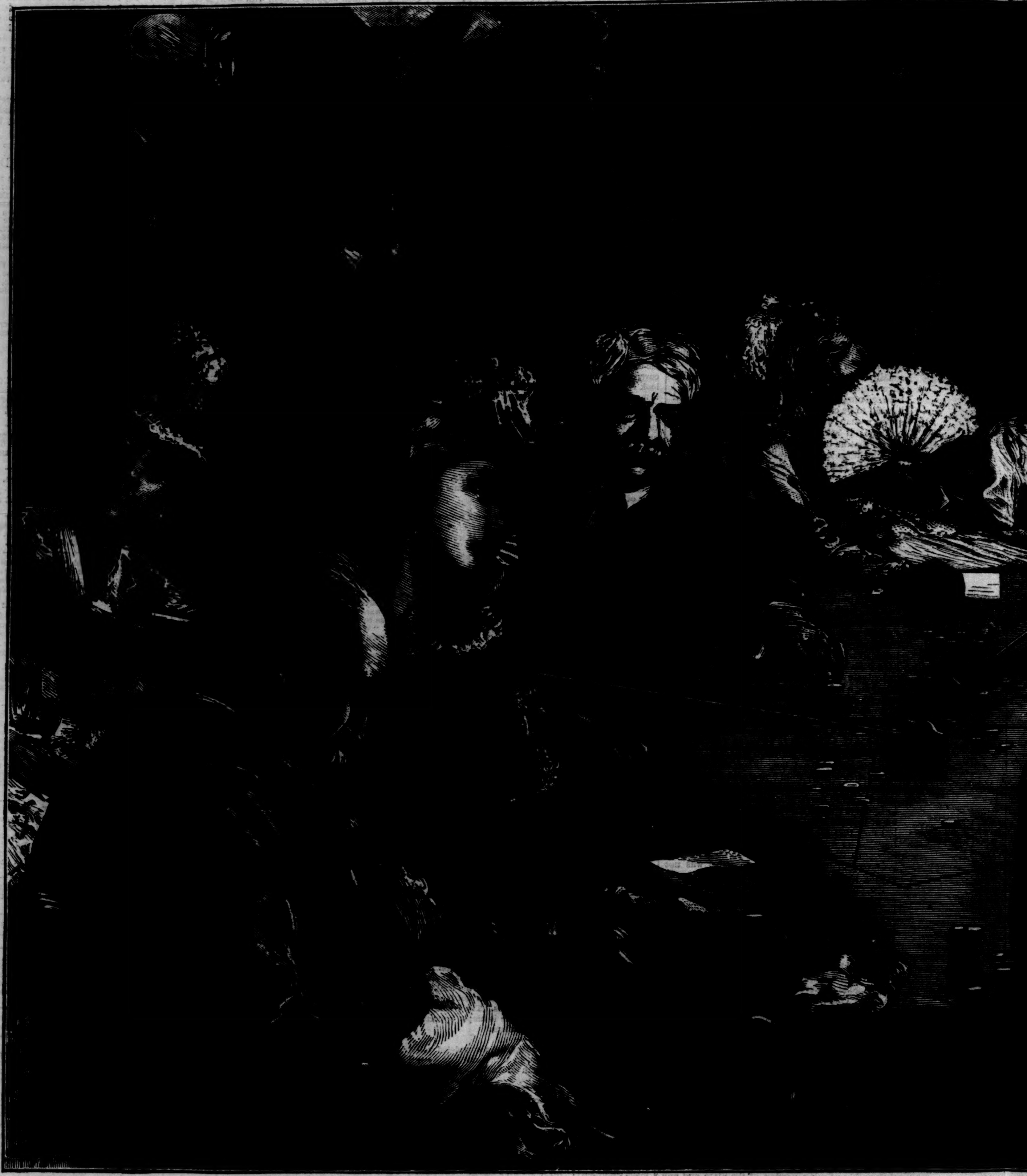
Refined.—There is a young lady in Camdentown so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

The heirs of Robinson Crusoe have instituted a suit to recover the island of Juan Fernandez, founding their claim upon the ground that he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

ANOTHER OLD LANDMARK GONE.

Some months ago the "Domestic" Sewing-machine Company purchased the Roosevelt mansion, corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway, with the intention of tearing down that edifice, which had become venerable in New Yorkers' eyes by associations if not by age, to replace it by a building for the company's accommodation. The papers said that the company "contemplated a palace, of course." The picture which we are enabled to present on page 958 will show that this anticipation was correct. Our engraving exhibits the noble building, designed by Griffith Thomas, Esq., as it will appear when the early spring months of 1873 shall behold it adorning its conspicuous corner on Union Square. It is to be constructed of iron, and its estimated cost exceeds a quarter of a million of dollars. Union Square is rapidly becoming a sewing-machine mart—a highly convenient and attractive one for our ladies. The company is to be congratulated which has secured this valuable corner, and is able to erect upon it a building handsome and stately enough to be a source of pride and pleasure to the whole city. We understand that the company has now in its business a capital of one million of dollars.

It is not our province to indorse any machine, and we leave the merits of the "Domestic" Sewing-machine to the judgment of mechanical experts. But most persons, we suppose, will conclude that if the youngest of the standard machines is able to inspire such an edifice, its claims are by no means the last to be examined by the purchaser.—[*Com.*]



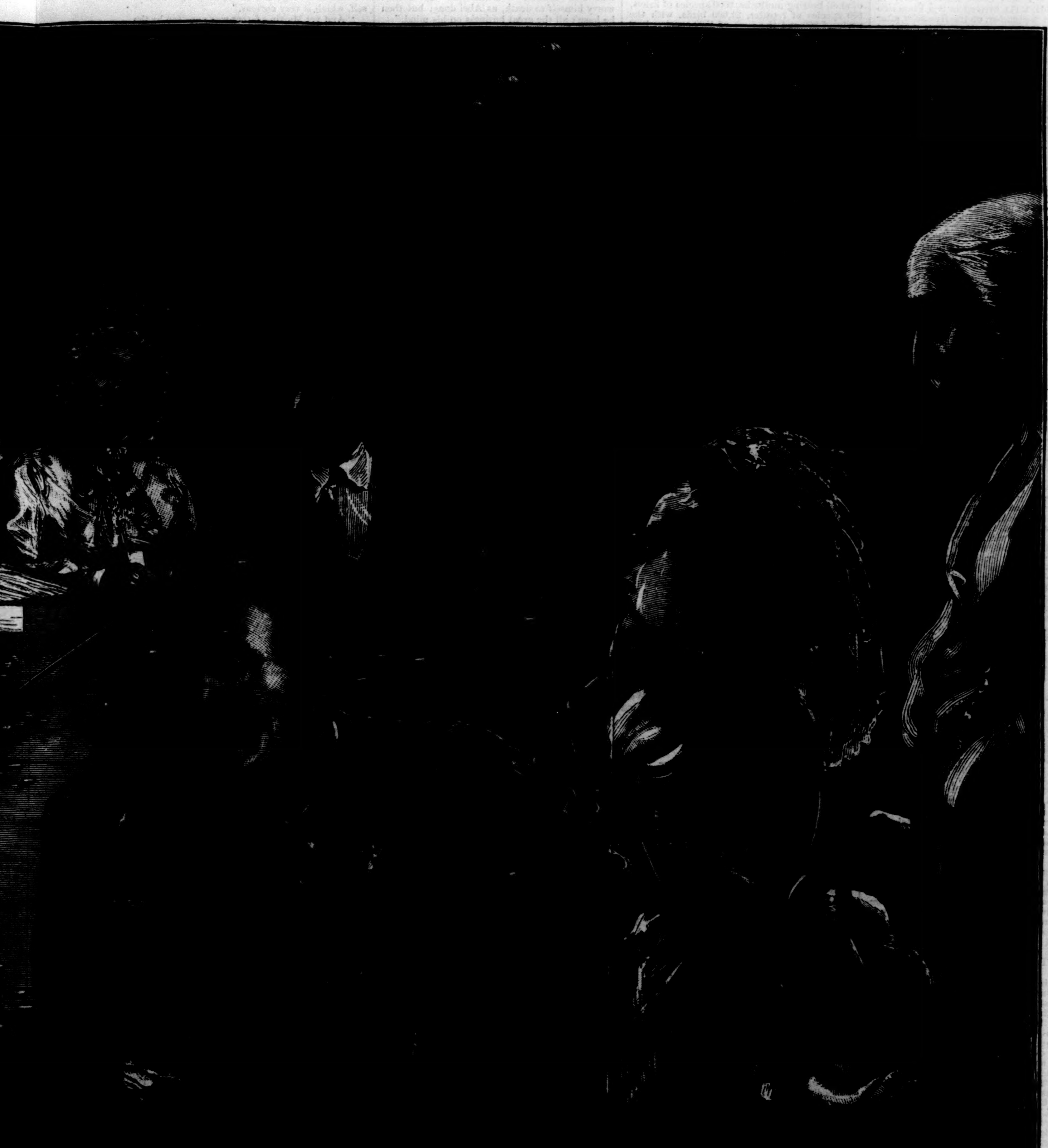
THE LAST NIGHT OF ROUGE ET NOIR AT BADEN-

BADEN-BADEN IN EXTREMIS.

The 31st of October was the day fixed for closing the famous gambling *salon* of Baden-Baden. This is the first place in Germany, under the operation of the law, that is now definitely closed. The other two great establishments, Wiesbaden and Homburg, remain open until the end of the year. The smaller one at Mannheim closed the last day of November.

It was expected that the last day of the season at Baden-Baden would be one of great excitement, and that immense crowds would be present to see the end of the public play. But the day was like its fellows. There was no evidence of any thing unusual on hand; in fact, there seemed to be hardly the accustomed number of players in the *salon*, and there was no excitement among them. People lost their rouleaux of gold and thousand-franc bank-notes with the accustomed apparent indifference; but for the last two or three weeks there had been much less than the former high play, and the number of aristocratic and wealthy visitors had very sensibly diminished, though many were resolved to stay and be in at the death.

During the evening, however, the play-rooms were crowded, and the excitement about the tables was intense. The correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following graphic picture of the scene: "A lady, who amuses herself every evening in playing one louis on the twelve numbers in which falls the number she receives on a check-card for her mantle and belongings, and who, by a caprice of fortune, has, with one day's exception, won regularly for three weeks, told me in despair that there was not the slightest human probability of getting near enough to place her stake, and watch it and see that it was not appropriated unfairly, for these little mistakes have been vastly more frequent than usual in these latter days. This was the more provoking as the actual number she had—23—came up during her efforts to arrive. Each coming train had brought a large quota of visitors. From Frankfort-on-the-Main, from Mannheim, Carlsruhe, and Rastadt on one side, and from Freiburg, Strasburg, Bischweiler, and Mülhouse on the other, large streams of visitors poured in. Heidelberg furnished a contingent of students, and Rastadt of officers—in civil costume mostly, as in uniform it is improper to play. In civil costume some license is taken. However, the greater part were destined neither to win nor to lose, as by ten o'clock there was a regular jam, and approach to the tables was only obtained by a very patient few. Extraordinary precautions had been taken by the officials in case of any disorder. I heard several expressions of hope that there would be a row or a fight, which unamiable desires seemed desti
disappointment. The crow
very mixed one: there were
grooms, peasants (male and
dently some cooks. The gr
bers were as usual in attenda
costume. They seemed struc
unwonted vulgar mob; and if
I saw something like a tear
one as he remarked it was
such people in the Baden
cream of the aristocracy w
met. Nevertheless the crow
quiet, well-behaved, and th
those who looked for any di



ADEN-BADEN.—“LA DERNIÈRE TAILLE, MESSIEURS.”

emed destined to end in utter
The crowd was decidedly a
there were butchers, bakers,
(male and female), and evi-
. The grooms of the cham-
in attendance in full evening
emed struck with horror at the
ob; and if I am not mistaken
ke a tear stand in the eye of
ed it was melancholy to see
e Baden saloons, where the
tocracy was formerly to be
s the crowd was, if not very
d, and the expectations of
for any disturbance appeared likely to be doomed to disappointment, when just at a quarter before twelve—midnight was the hour when the possession of the establishment passed from the family of **Benazet** and **Dupressoir**—a vulgar, dirty little fellow, who had been drinking too freely, having lost a stake of fifty florins on red, seized his stake again, refused to give it up, and showed fight. The greatest confusion ensued in the Trente-et-Quarante room, where it occurred, and it was not without some trouble he was marched off by the police. The rooms were immediately closed as the clock struck twelve, and public play came to an end in Baden-Baden forever."

The illustration of the last evening's play, from the pencil of Mr. **Sidney Hall**, gives a vivid impression of the scene. A brilliant light was reflected upon the tables, while all around was comparatively obscure. Standing up behind the chairs, his eye a little above the level of the lamp shade, he observed that every thing was screened but the table and the money, and just the hands of the gamblers. What a study of hands! The prodigal hand flinging away its venture; the miserly hand brooding over its gold; thin, white, bejeweled hands; coarse, loutish hands; nervous hands probing empty pockets! Except the jingling of the money, and the short utterances of the croupier, there was a dead silence, and the scene was a little ghastly. One might half close the eyes and fancy that the rakes of the players were the forked tails of demons, which they kept using for placing their stakes and claiming their winnings.

What may be the effect of the change on the fortunes of Baden-Baden, time alone will show. It is feared that the great stream of visitors will enormously diminish, and, necessarily, the large sums of money expended by them will fall off. The direct rent paid for the privilege has been for the last two years 600,000 florins annually (about $250,000), but this is insignificant in comparison with the money that was indirectly brought to Baden and expended. The list of visitors up to the end of October was between 58,000 and 59,000. This includes only those who spent at least one night in the town, and takes no account of the vast numbers who come for the day, as many do regularly in the season nearly every day, having residences in neighboring places, or passers through. It is understood that the profit of the tables this year somewhat exceeds 2,500,000 francs (about $500,000). The beauty of the situation of Baden has been often extolled, and is widely known, but its best friends may well fear that its prosperity will scarcely be maintained. Other valleys, in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, in the Salzkammergut, and the Bavarian Alps, are more beautiful, and cheaper to dwell in, and easy of access.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The United States Coast Survey party in charge of W. H. Dall arrived in San Francisco on the 20th of September, on the *Humboldt*, after an absence of thirteen months. This time had been chiefly spent in the region between Kadiak and Oonalaska, among the Aleutian Islands. Notwithstanding a large amount of unfavorable weather and some very severe storms, the party had preserved good health, and been very successful in their work. This comprised general hydrographic notes on the region explored, examination of the tides and currents, meteorological observations, soundings, and reconnaissance surveys of those portions of the district least known. Among the more important results of the work was the determination of ten islands and rocks, fourteen harbors and anchorages (and many minor details) not on any chart; the determination of a great oceanic current, a reflected branch of the great North Pacific easterly stream, which sweeps to the south and west, south of the peninsula of Alaska and the islands, having a breadth of about three hundred and fifty miles; and the discovery of new fishing banks off the southern end of Kadiak.

Geological and zoological researches were carried on by the members of the party during that portion of their time when hydrographic work was impracticable; and though these investigations were entirely subsidiary to the regular work, they were crowned with unexpected success, especially in the departments of botany and geology, and the various groups of marine invertebrates.

These collections, although still but superficially examined, indicate a curious resemblance in some particulars between the fauna of the region visited and that of the Straits of Magellan, a number of forms found being common to both, and not yet discovered in the intervening regions.

The London journals contain a letter from Dr. Livingstone, addressed to Sir Bartle Frere, and dated at Unyanyembe, July 1. In this he states that the opportunity furnished by the departure of a native to the coast is embraced for the forwarding of his letter, and he proceeds to give a short account of his intended movements whenever the expected supplies of men and material shall have reached him.

His plan embraces, among other projects, that of first visiting Katanga, and then going ten days to the northeast, tc extensive under-ground excavations used as places of retreat and safety. In the course of his earlier explorations he reached one of these locations, to which he had been refused entrance. He remarks, however, that it was of sufficient extent to receive the inhabitants of a large district, and all their gear. He assigns a high antiquity to the construction of these burrows.

After returning to Katanga he proposes to go twelve days to the northwest of the head of Lake Lincoln, and then to turn back along Kamalondo.

He expresses his regret that he has been made to appear in a false position to Dr. Kirke, the British consul at Zanzibar, on account of what he had said in reference to the sending slaves as assistants instead of freemen, and that this had been taken to heart by that gentleman, and at the same time he disavows any intention of making any personal allusion.

Among the deaths recently announced is that of Lady Hooker, at Torquay, in her seventy-fifth year. She was the widow of Sir William J. Hooker, formerly director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, and mother of Dr. J. D. Hooker, the present head of that establishment.

The *American Journal of Science* contains the announcement of the death, on the 30th of October, in his forty-seventh year, of Professor Perry, lately in charge of the department of Primordial Geology in Harvard College. Professor Perry was well known as a geologist of much local experience, and was for a considerable time associated with Professor Agassiz in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge. He was a graduate of the University of Vermont, and his residence at Swanton, in the northern part of that State, as the pastor of a church, led him to the investigation of the geology of the neighboring region, and especially that of its Taconic rocks.

A very interesting event in the history of American science took place on the 30th of October last, in Philadelphia, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the new building of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. This institution, which has for many years occupied the foremost rank among natural history establishments in America, was started in 1812, and numbered among its earliest active members William M'Clure, Thomas Say, C. A. Lesueur, etc.; and in later years such men as Samuel George Morton, Joseph Leidy, John Cassin, Dr. Gamble, Edward Hallowell, E. D. Cope, and many others, who have made their mark upon the history of science.

The academy since its establishment has been the recipient of many benefactions. Among those who have been most conspicuous in this connection may be mentioned William M'Clure and Thomas B. Wilson. To the latter gentleman is due very much of the present extent of its library and museum.

The new establishment is to be built on a lot at the corner of Nineteenth and Race streets, fronting 288 feet on the former and 198 on the latter. A wing on Race Street will be first erected, to cost $125,000. The expense of the entire building, it is expected, will amount to $500,000, and it is hoped that sufficient funds will be contributed by the liberal-minded citizens of Philadelphia to complete the entire structure in a comparatively short space of time.

The present building, at the corner of Broad and Sansom streets, has long been inadequate to the accommodation of the collections of the academy; and although these are already sufficient to fill the wing of the new building first to be erected, the specimens will be displayed to better advantage than before. Another wing will probably be begun by the time the first is completed. According to statements made on the occasion referred to, the academy now possesses more than 6000 minerals, 700 rocks, 65,000 fossils, 70,000 species of plants, 1000 species of zoophytes, 2000 species of crustaceans, 500 species of myriapods and arachnidians, 25,000 species of insects, 20,000 species of shell-bearing mollusks, 2000 species of fishes, 800 species of reptiles, 21,000 birds, with the nests of 200 and the eggs of 1500 species, 1000 mammals, and nearly 900 skeletons and pieces of osteology. Most of the species are represented by four or five specimens, so that, including the archæological and ethnological cabinets, space is required now for the arrangement of not less than 400,000 objects, as well as for the accommodation of a library of more than 22,500 volumes.

The London *Ibis* informs us of the death of Colonel William Henry Sykes, on the 16th of June last, in the eighty-third year of his age. This gentleman was for a time connected with the East India Company's service, and ultimately became one of its home directors. At different times he served as lord rector of Marischal College and of the University of Aberdeen, as chairman of the Society of Arts, and as president of the Royal Asiatic Society, and of the Statistical Society of London. He was first elected member of Parliament for Aberdeen in 1857.

His long residence in India enabled Colonel Sykes to advise the East India Company and the British government in various matters, and his suggestions were always listened to with great consideration. His claims as a man of science rest more particularly upon his zoological labors. Some of his papers upon the mammalia and birds of the Dukhun, published by the Zoological Society, were among the earliest contributions to the natural history of India. Other papers published by him were upon the fishes of the Dukhun, the quails of India, etc. In his catalogue of the birds of the Dukhun fifty-six species are described as new, although only twenty-seven are so considered at the present time.

(Continued from No. 830, page 972.)

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER II.

MAKING FRIENDS.

Old Mr. Westmair, when he had done shaking my hand and expressing the pleasure which he felt at seeing me at Broomfield, sat down close to my side, and listened with great attention to Martin Westmair's discourse. Martin had a great deal to say for himself; he was pleasant and genial and conversational: if I were at any moment at my ease that night, it was owing to his tact and his consideration for my position. He seemed less a stranger to me than the rest of them; he had not had the courage to tell me the truth concerning my father when I came to Watling Street, and that stood as evidence of the kind heart which he possessed, I thought.

"You sing, Miss Kirby?" he inquired.

"A little. But I hope that I shall not be asked to sing to-night," I answered.

"Ah, you have parted with your sister, I hear, and it would not be kind of us to press you. Is your sister any thing like you?" he asked, curiously.

"Yes, there is a likeness."

"You had no difficulty in discovering her, after all. If you remember, you were in distress about her when—" He paused. "But there, I am drifting into the past, and it is under ban and interdict."

"Let me live in the present, Mr. Westmair, until—"

"Until we are better friends," he hastened to add; "and we shall be all good friends in time. You have no enemies to encounter here, Miss Kirby."

No enemies! I remembered Katie's warning of a few hours since, and tried to smile at it again.

"No—no enemies," I echoed.

"I think you will like Broomfield," old Mr. Westmair piped in at this juncture, and startled me by the suddenness of his address. "Every body likes Broomfield when they get used to it, You do, I know," he said, looking round me at Martin.

"Oh, I am a man willing to like any thing," said Martin, carelessly.

"Any thing that does not give you a great deal of trouble, Martin," added the old man, shrewdly; "ah, that's just like your poor father; he was a very good, amiable, easy sort of lad, and you take after him."

"I don't mind trouble, grandfather," Martin answered, quickly: "hang it, I have faced as much as most fellows of my age, only I haven't made a noise over it."

"That's philosophy," remarked the old man.

"To be sure it is," said Martin, with a laughing glance at me. "You did not know that there was a philosopher in the family."

"It's a very clever family, take it altogether," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"So I have always thought myself," was Martin's answer.

There was a dryness in his tone which struck me as peculiar. He spoke like a man scarcely satisfied with his family, hardly content with his position in it—perhaps jealous of his uncle Abel, who had made all the money; I even fancied it at that early period of my acquaintance with him. And yet I did not believe he was altogether a jealous or a dissatisfied man. It was a handsome face, on which care or trouble had not left a line; the face of a man who looked at life lightly. A good, amiable, easy sort of lad his father had been, the old man had said just now, and he had implied that the son took after the father. Glancing at him again, I could believe it, though I had not attempted in any way to analyze his character.

"He's an agreeable sort of youth," said old Mr. Westmair, as Martin crossed the room to talk to his mother. "I like him. He doesn't worry himself to death, as Abel does; but then he hasn't all the great business on his mind."

He looked hard at me, as if he expected an answer to his ramblings, and I said,

"I suppose not."

"And, between ourselves, he hasn't Abel's mind, either. There is none of that far-seeing comprehensiveness about him, Miss — Miss — what did you say your name was?"

"Kirby."

The old man let fall the cup and saucer which he was holding, spilled the tea over his shaky limbs and the carpet, and broke the cup into twenty pieces. The accident created a little confusion. Mrs. Westmair was excited over the damage, as though the china and the carpet had been her own especial property, and ventured to remark that old Mr. Westmair was exceedingly careless.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said, childishly; "quite right, my dear. And exceedingly hot too," he added, thinking of the tea, as he rubbed his knees with his thin, shaking hands.

Mrs. Westmair gave so many directions to the servants, and talked so much about the damage, that Abel Westmair's voice was heard at last in protest.

"Give my father another cup of tea, Jane, and tell the servants to leave the room," Abel said, somewhat harshly.

Mrs. Jane Westmair started, and obeyed his injunctions, and Ettie, still on her father's knees, looked intently into his dark face.

"Is the study lamp lighted?" he asked, a moment afterward.

"Yes, Abel," answered the lady, "it has been lighted some time."

He set down the child, and rose.

"Miss Kirby will excuse me," he said. "Ettie, good-night."

"Good-night, papa."

Father and daughter kissed each other, and then the former left the room, and closed the door after him.

"That hateful study," muttered Mr. Westmair, Senior, "where nobody can get at him, and where he writes all night sometimes, God knows what about—he doesn't tell me any thing—I wish he did. Has he ever said any thing to you about it?" he asked, curiously.

I could scarcely refrain from smiling at the question, but I answered in the negative, and in as grave a manner as I could command at a minute's notice.

"It can't be about the business, for that goes on by itself, like clock-work," he said. "Jane, do you know?"

"Do I know what, Mr. Westmair?" asked the lady, with frigid politeness. She was still offended with the old gentleman for dropping his tea-cup.

"Do you know what Abel is writing?"

"I don't know any thing about it," Mrs. Westmair answered.

"I think he is composing a comic opera," said Martin, at which remark his mother condescended to smile, and then said, "Oh, hush!" and looked from him to Ettie. It was scarcely a judicious observation to make, and if there were any good-tempered raillery intended to be conveyed by it, it was not wisely done. Ettie looked thoughtfully at her cousin, as if puzzled by his manner, and then came across to me.

"I am going to my room now," she said; "papa likes me to retire very early, and I always like to please him."

"Shall I come too?" I asked.

"No; stay and talk to aunt," said Ettie. Then as she leaned across to kiss me, she whispered, quickly, "Try and like her, please. You will be sure to like her presently."

I was in doubt concerning this—my dreams of a friend of my own sex, a confidante perhaps in good time, had been quickly dissipated at the sight of Aunt Jane and at the sound of her unsympathetic voice: a nervous, irritable, fussy woman, with whom it would be difficult to hold any close companionship, I feared—even a woman I already objected to, though I would not have owned it to myself that night.

After Ettie had gone Martin Westmair exerted himself to render conversation general, and was tolerably successful in his efforts. What he tried to do he did well, and there was a certain amount of ability shown in his selection of leading topics for conversation, and in his light and airy remarks concerning them. I was struck by the mother's demonstrative regard for him, by the rapt attention which she bestowed upon his discourse, and by the quick comprehensive glance from him to me and old Mr. Westmair, when any thing was said that she thought particularly brilliant. He was a man who tried to please, and such men are always agreeable. I knew afterward that he went out of his way to set me more at ease in my strange home, as indeed I almost guessed before the night was over.

"You have been vastly entertaining to-night, Martin," said the old man, when it was later; "I often wish I had your spirits, or that Abel had them for me."

"We can not have every thing," said the other, laughing; "I often wish that I had your money, or Abel's, but I don't get it."

"You're much happier without it," said the old man; "your father had his fair share, and spent it, poor fellow. Money's a grave responsibility."

"And I never liked responsibility," cried Martin; "it weighs me down."

"Don't say that, dear," said his mother; "you come of the race that bears anxiety well. If you had any share in your uncle's business you would lighten his cares without oppressing yourself. I have often said as much as this to good Mr. Westmair here, and he has perfectly agreed with me. Haven't you?" she said, addressing the father of her late husband.

"Yes—yes—I think I have," he said, half doubtfully, "and I have mentioned it to Abel; but he doesn't regard it in the same light as myself, which is very curious."

"And yet Martin's father was your son by the first wife, and a favorite son of yours too," said Mrs. Westmair.

"He had his share in cash, and spent it," said the old man again, very decisively.

"That was his misfortune," said Mrs. Westmair, with a sigh; "he had a painful facility for spending money, but Martin does not take after him. Oh no!"

"I haven't had the chance of distinguishing myself yet," cried Martin.

"But—"

"But for Heaven's sake, mother, don't harp on that string," he cried, evidencing for the first time some irritability of temper. "I don't care for a share in the business. I know that I haven't a right to it, and I am not looking out for Abel's favors. This has always annoyed me. I should never agree with Abel as a partner. I am independent and above all patronage. Drop the subject, for my sake."

"My dear boy, I will not say another word about it," she cried; "I know that you do not look after your own interests sufficiently, and are not grateful to your mother for fighting your battles, as she will do till it pleases Heaven to take her, or till justice is done."

"Justice has nothing to do with it, and Martin Westmair fights his own battles," said her son. "Now, grandfather, some music, as a wind-up to another jolly evening here."

"I—I don't think that I can remember any thing."

"Oh, try. Miss Kirby's passionately fond of music."

"Miss Kir—" he began, and then stopped and glared at me. "Is she? I shall have great pleasure if my memory will allow me."

He tottered to the grand piano, sat down before it, and dashed into an extempore kind of fantasia at once, playing not without skill, humming softly to himself at the same time, and gradually becoming submerged in his theme, and forgetting where and with whom he was. There were many old-fashioned airs over which he lingered, and which I recognized, mixed up with church music and scraps of Handel and Beethoven, all inextricably but not inharmoniously welded together by the fancy of the player. The effect was soothing; I had listened for a while, and then had drifted off to thoughts of Katie, and of other worlds besides hers, when Martin Westmair's voice startled me.

"He will go on like that for hours. When you have had enough of it steal away to your room without further concern for the happy folk to whom you have been introduced to-day."

"You speak satirically," I said.

"Do I?" he rejoined; "satire is Abel's gift, not mine; I seldom take the trouble to say bitter things."

"Did you mean happy folk, then?"

"Well, no. And yet they profess to be happy here in their own way, which hardly suits me, and which, between ourselves, aggravates me a little."

"You do not take life so easily, then, as old Mr. Westmair gave you credit for doing?" I asked.

He laughed.

"Probably I do not," he answered. "I have my little explosions, and get over them. What I don't particularly admire, I can't say that I like. If I said that I don't admire my half-uncle, Abel Westmair, would you be very much astonished?"

"No."

"Not that he's a bad fellow; not that he isn't a better and cleverer fellow than I shall ever be; but we don't agree. We never shall. Good-night."

It was a frank, fearless kind of confidence, that I liked for its naturalness; but I could not help thinking that I could have made much mischief from it, had I been a designing or malicious girl. He might not have cared whether I was or not, but in my heart his outspokenness pleased me. It was as if he felt that he could trust me.

"Good-night," I said.

Mrs. Westmair did not tell me to withdraw when I pleased, as her son had done; on the contrary, she beckoned me to her side, and inflicted upon me that history of my future at Broomfield which had been threatening me at an earlier hour of the evening. She did not paint my life in glowing colors—I had not expected it from her; she did not hint at any happiness or much peace; but she spared me more than I had anticipated, remembering Ettie Westmair's late remonstrance. She impressed upon me, to the best of her power, that it was a home difficult to be reconciled to; but she paid me the compliment of saying, perhaps of believing, that I might settle down therein if I could bear with Ettie and had no desire for society. "A dear child Ettie is," she added, in conclusion—"impulsive, fretful, easy to impress, and as easy to offend. I mention this in confidence, Miss Kirby, and to put you on your guard, so that you may be firm in due season. Poor Ettie has been spoiled by a doting father, you must know."

I had almost guessed that already.

"But I must have a long talk with you to-morrow, Miss Kirby," said she. "I can not bear this any more"—indicating old Mr. Westmair and his piano—"my head is splitting. I can scarcely hear myself speak. You will retire now, I presume?"

"Yes," I answered.

Mr. Westmair, Senior, had not been unmindful of our movements for all his absorption in his task, for, as I rose with Mrs. Westmair, he said, without leaving off his playing,

"Don't go, Miss Kirby. I want to speak to you for a few minutes."

Aunt Jane looked surprised, and he added, after one or two bass chords,

"In private—strictly in private."

"Good-night, Miss Kirby. You must not mind what he says," Mrs. Westmair added, in a whisper: "a good man, but very weak, and perfectly harmless—wouldn't hurt a worm. You will not detain Miss Kirby too long, Mr. Westmair," she said, in his ears, as she rested her hands affectionately upon his shoulders; "she has been traveling to-day, and is very tired after her journey."

"I know that very well," he said.

Aunt Jane left us to ourselves, and Mr. Westmair continued to play his piano, and to stare at the ceiling, and hum the notes to himself for full five minutes after she had closed the door behind her. He came to a full stop suddenly, when I thought that he had forgotten me, and turned round slowly on his music-stool.

"Would you mind stepping outside with me while I smoke my cigarette?" he said, drawing a case of cigarettes from his pocket as he spoke: "it's a beautiful warm night, and there's no fear of catching cold."

I hesitated, and the old man was quick enough to read my hesitation.

"And no fear of being overheard," he added.

It was a strange sequel to his remarks, and I felt curious concerning him. Had I stepped into a new mystery in entering Abel Westmair's house, or was I closer to that old one which, in the vanity of my self-consciousness, I thought that I had lived down? Again Katie's words were troubling me—her last words:

"Be you on your guard against the Westmairs; watch them; remember how father has been treated by them."

Had Katie, in her lower estimate of humankind, or her greater knowledge of the world, approached closer to the truth than I? This old man was eccentric and untrustworthy; but he belonged to my father's past, and to the past beyond it, in which my father's father had lived.

He quitted the music-stool, lighted with a shaking hand his cigarette by one of the burners of the glass chandelier, and drew up the blind of the French window nearest to him.

It was a beautiful night, as he had said, and the lawn and gravel-walk were steeped in moonlight. Beyond them was a large and shadowy extent of garden ground, stretching far away, and above all, in the clear cold sky, shone the white moon and a myriad of stars.

He opened the window, and stepped out bareheaded.

"Will you trust an old man with your company?" he said, very humbly: "I have a great anxiety to ask you a few questions."

I was only a curious woman, after all. I followed him into the moonlight.

CHAPTER III.

GRANDFATHER WESTMAIR HEARS THE TRUTH.

Old Mr. Westmair walked at once toward the lawn, as if with the intention of making a cross-cut into the distant shrubberies, but I did not follow him. He might be perfectly harmless, but I preferred to keep within the precincts of the house. Becoming conscious that I was still upon the broad gravel-path under the veranda, he came back to me on tiptoe.

"Afraid of getting your feet wet, eh?" he said, framing an excuse for me very kindly. "The grass is damp. I beg pardon for not thinking of it before. You are not offended?"

"Not in the least," I replied.

"I wanted to get further away from the house," he remarked, bending his tall figure toward me in order to bring his mouth on a level with my ear. "She goes on about the smoke so. As if I could compose myself for the night without a puff or two. As if I were going to give up the habit of my life because she can not bear the smell of tobacco. As if Abel expected such a thing of me. As if any body but she would dream of it. She's a *nag*, an awful *nag*," he added, with vicious emphasis.

I did not reply. I had not stepped into the moonlight to talk scandal, or to offer any opinion upon any body. He had expressed a wish to ask me a few questions, and there was I to answer them if it were possible. Womanly curiosity to ascertain if there were any motive for his questioning was at the bottom of my heart, no doubt. Was he very mad, or was there mystery at Broomfield? I hoped to find that out in a few minutes.

Mr. Westmair, Senior, appeared to have forgotten the reason for inviting me for a stroll, he talked so much of the beauty of the night, and of the pleasure which he took in a cigarette before going to bed. I ventured to remind him at last, as we walked up and down before the drawing-room windows and past other windows barred and bolted for the night, that he had expressed a wish to speak to me in private.

He stopped to consider my remark, and then went on again.

"So I did; that is quite right," he said. "Speak lower. Aunt Jane would listen if she could, and if she thought that there was any thing worth listening to, which she does not—not knowing every thing, or guessing at any thing which troubles me. Look here one moment."

He walked very rapidly under the veranda and beyond it, proceeding along the whole width of the house, and stopping at the angle thereof to beckon to me solemnly. I followed him, half wishing that I had not entered upon so foolish an adventure, and half afraid of him who had constituted himself my companion. I turned the angle of the house, and found more lawn and flower bed and expanse of garden ground beyond, and for a certain distance a streak of light falling across them all, and proceeding from an open bay-window on the ground-floor.

"His study," whispered my eccentric guide, "where he works. Where he never dreams of my trouble. Where I would not have him dream of it for twice the money that I ever made by Westmair's Polish."

It was an absurd conclusion to his tragic tone, and I could scarcely refrain from laughing at it.

"Abel has troubles of his own, poor fellow. His wife's death took all the gladness out of him. And now Ettie can't live. Every body tells him that, and he tries so hard not to believe it that he's growing gray already. Thirty years of age, and with the gray hair coming fast. Isn't it wonderful?"

He peered round the stone mullions of the window into the room, and then backed cautiously.

"He is writing for his life, and making such awful faces over it," whispered the old man. "Would you like to have a peep at him?"

"No, thank you," I replied.

"A good son. God bless him, and send him happiness again. A princely fellow," he added, very slowly and thoughtfully, "full of high honor, whose heart I shouldn't like to break."

"That would be impossible," I said, and I blushed at the moment, for I was conscious that I was leading him on.

"I am not certain what would break his heart," he replied, as we walked back to our old ground; "but I think that I could do it. And yet it has not broken mine, because—"

He paused, and looked very hard into my inquiring eyes.

"What name is yours?" he asked, suddenly. "I have a bad memory for names; they will not stop very long with me. Did you tell me it was Kirby?"

"Yes, Faith Kirby."

"I remember," he said, "Faith Jennings married Jeffery Kirby, of Grayswood, down in Dorset."

How strange it all seemed to me! how prone I was that night to place credence in this man's wanderings, and to frame a story from his incoherence! I had grown as suspicious as little Kate, now that the names—our family names—seemed familiar to old Westmair. I remembered suddenly also that in an old Bible that had once belonged to us I had read the name of Jeffery Kirby—my grandfather's name—and I knew that Grayswood, Dorset, had been his place of habitation.

"I liked old Jef—he was in my service once. What has become of his children?"

"Jeffery and Jonathan?" I suggested.

"Ay, those are the names."

"Jeffery is in South Africa—a minister—a missionary."

"And Jonathan?"

I did not answer. I was sorry that I had brought the conversation round to this point, and I trusted in Mr. Westmair's variable mood turning in a fresh direction if I kept silent. But he was persistent for once.

"I thought that you must be one of the Kirbys from the first," he said, "though I don't understand, or think that Abel will ever explain, why he has brought you to this house. He has a reason for it deeper than he cares to own, and if you will not tell me I am at my wit's ends."

"I am here as Miss Ettie's governess."

"Pooh, pooh!" he said, flinging away his cigarette in his excitement; "Ettie does not want to be taught the way to heaven, and that's where she's going. Why, you may not know the way so well as she does."

"No, I may not," I answered, softly.

"I know that you are here for another reason, and Abel has not done right in keeping his own father in the dark respecting it. One should be true and firm and faithful, under any circumstances, to the father."

I thought of mine, and of Katie's prophecy, and I said, very firmly,

"The Jonathan Kirby of whom you inquired just now is my father, if he were ever a book-keeper, and in Watling Street."

"Ay, ay," said the old man, nodding his head, "now we are getting closer to the truth. Jonathan Kirby was book-keeper in my time, so was his father before him. An honest, faithful fellow, Jonathan Kirby."

"No," I said, angrily.

"No!" he repeated; "how's that—where is he, then?"

I hesitated. At my meeting with Abel Westmair at his house in Belgrave Square he had told me that my father's position was not known to his father or his child; the Kirbys' disgrace he had been silent concerning. Should I betray myself, and lower myself, as I felt that I should, by replying to the last question which had been put to me? And yet there *was* a mystery somewhere, unless all this were moonlight madness, and I was a foolish woman to give way, after having kept strong for many months. Katie's words came with a rush at me—the indignant outburst in the square—and it seemed to prompt my answer at all hazards: "The madman knows the truth, and will betray it in his dotage!" she had said.

"You wish to know where my father is, Mr. Westmair?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You don't know?"

"I don't know, child, if he's not at Watling Street," he answered, looking with great apprehension at me, as if he feared the shock of the disclosure. "Where—where is he, then?"

"In Holloway Prison."

"In Hol—" He stopped for breath, and began shaking very much. "Great Heaven! what is he there for?"

"For robbing his employer."

"Great Heaven!" he said again.

I tried to seize upon an opportunity that might never come again; from the sober, grim facts of my life and of my father's punishment I made a wild dash toward the mystery, and was less like myself from that hour.

"Oh, Sir!" I said, very earnestly, "if you know, if you can guess, why he has been put in prison—if there is any thing which will explain away his crime, and set him free, and save him from the shame of it—if you can see why this should not have been, tell me, in pity's sake, and let me save him yet."

"In prison, for robbing his employer—that is Abel," murmured the old man. "I shall certainly go mad! Where—where's my boy? Wait one moment—I insist upon it—for this is a grave charge, an awful charge, which must be refuted or explained. I—I— Wait here, if you please, madam, just one moment."

I was sorry for the effect which I had created; I was bewildered; I was not myself. This was a first night at Broomfield which I was never likely to forget. Old Mr. Westmair tottered away, swinging his long arms about his head in a wild fashion, as though protesting to heaven, my excited fancy seemed to suggest, that all this misery was not of his creating. I had begun my new life by an act of rebellion against my contract—I, the quiet every-day maiden, who had looked at the world with marvelous philosophy, and been shocked at Kate's impulsiveness and warmth. I should be back at Katie's home to-morrow morning for good—turned out as incapable and disputatious and unnaturally inquisitive!

There was an iron-work garden seat facing the drawing-room window on the lawn, and I dropped into it to reflect upon my conduct. I would wait, as the old gentleman had wished me: having unfurled my flag of defiance, I must fight under it at all hazards.

I had scarcely sat down when a quick, impatient step came from the other side of the house toward me. I knew who was advancing before he turned the corner of the mansion, and advanced with long strides in my direction. It was Abel Westmair who was standing on the lawn confronting me.

"Miss Kirby, this is a bad beginning," he said, sternly.

The hard words set my heart beating in defiance of him.

"I have begun by telling the truth," I replied, almost as sternly as himself.

"Yes, to one who does not understand it, and who is too weak for any truth which strikes home," he said, sharply. "Will you step into my study, Miss Kirby?"

"But—"

"My father is there. He is waiting for you."

I did not offer any further objection. I walked by his side across the lawn, along the gravel-path, and round the angle of his house, to the room which he had quitted. He stood aside, and allowed me to enter before him, and I passed through into a great room, packed on all sides, from floor to ceiling, with books. Old Mr. Westmair, with his shirt collar undone, and looking as white as his unfastened neckcloth, sat in a big arm-chair by the side of the library table, waiting for me, who had been the cause of this confusion.

CHAPTER IV.

A BAD BEGINNING.

There was a large oil lamp burning on the table, and this was sufficient light for the room, reflected down as it was by the shade attached to the glass. The upper part of the room was in shadow, but in the full light near the table old Mr. Westmair's face looked very ghastly in its new misery. The son went to his side, crossed one hand upon the other, and stood studying him intently.

"Father," he said at last.

"Ah! Abel," said the old man, with a start, "what is it?"

"I have brought Miss Kirby with me. As she has created all this mischief," he said, severely, "it is as well that she should see the result, and hear my explanation."

"But is it—is it true?" gasped forth the father.

"It is quite true."

"That Jonathan Kirby is in prison for robbing you?"

"Yes."

"Why wasn't I told of this before?" he whimpered; "why am I treated in every way like a cipher?"

"You retired from the business years ago," Abel Westmair explained; "I alone am principal, and entitled to the business troubles along with the business profits."

He said this contemptuously, as if the troubles were greater than the profits, which was scarcely correct, judging by his grand home.

"It has been my wish for years," he continued, "to spare you anxiety, and to give you all the peace that it was in my power to command. To tell you of the business at Watling Street, to weary you with the details of the honesty or dishonesty of my servants, has been never my rule. Why should I have distressed you, you who are so easily distressed, by the pitiful story which Miss Kirby's imprudence has made known to you to-night?"

"I was not warned to keep my father's trouble from Mr. Westmair's ears," I said, in self-defense.

"I told you in Belgrave Square that he was not aware of it," said the stern, dark man who had taken me to task.

"You did. I was weak enough, and grateful enough, to imagine that that was out of consideration for me," was my quick answer.

"I did not say so," replied Abel, regarding me very attentively as he spoke.

"It seemed to be implied."

"It may be that I was thinking of my father," said Abel, after a moment's reflection: "that matter is not worth discussion at present. It did not suggest itself to me that you would, in entering upon your duties here, immediately proclaim the extent of your father's misfortunes. For your own sake even, that appears to me an injudicious step."

"Can you expect me to apologize, Mr. Westmair, for speaking the truth in this house?" I said, indignantly.

"No. We are used to the truth, I hope," he said, with a smile—and a very aggravating smile it was—flickering suddenly and momentarily round his mouth, "and we do not deal in any exaggeration at Broomfield. That is why I have asked you to enter my study, while I inform my father of the facts of the case, or answer any questions concerning them."

"What were you robbed of, Abel?" asked Mr. Westmair, Senior.

"Eight hundred pounds."

"Why did he take it?"

"Heaven knows. I do not. I am sure his daughter does not."

He turned to me, and I looked down and shook my head.

"He was an honest man; his father was an honest servant," said old Mr. Westmair.

"We can't speculate as to the motive for his crime," the son remarked.

"A sudden impulse, perhaps."

"It was a subtle, clever process of defalcation, going on week after week, month after month, until he was discovered. An impulse even in crime may be pitied or forgiven, but a cool, deliberate system of robbing one to whom the robber should have felt a certain amount of gratitude was, to my mind, an unpardonable enormity."

He uttered this so decisively that I shuddered, and the weak man in the chair broke into a shivering fit.

"Will you hear the whole narrative, father?" asked Abel, bending over him, and fastening, with almost a woman's gentleness, his collar.

"I don't care about it now."

"It is unnecessary," the son said.

"It's all very awful," murmured the father, "and of course you did what was just according to your convictions. You have thought it right to take care of her too?"

He pointed to me as he spoke, and Abel Westmair said,

"No; Miss Kirby is here on her own merits, and because she will make a fitting companion to our Ettie."

"A good young woman, and terribly truthful," the old man said, regarding me wistfully. "I am very sorry for your father's position, Miss Kirby."

"Thank you," I answered.

"And so is Abel."

"I am sorry for the daughter's position," answered Abel for himself. "I can not pity the father's, or see any excuse for it. I have told you that before," he added, turning suddenly to me: "you see that I am compelled against my will to speak of it again."

"Eight hundred pounds," muttered Mr. Westmair. "Abel, I'll tell you what shall be done. I'll give you the money to-morrow, and you shall let poor Kirby off."

"It was not for the money, but for the want of principle, that I felt it my duty to prosecute Mr. Kirby," Abel answered.

"And you will let him off?"

"It is beyond my influence to let him off," replied the son; "the case has been tried, and the prisoner has been sentenced. I have no power to interfere."

"Oh! if I had only been told all this before," cried Mr. Westmair, passionately; "if I had only known it before the case was tried, what a deal of misery might have been spared every body!"

"You are mistaken in that," said Abel Westmair, firmly. "I acted justly, and as it seemed my duty to myself and to God. There, go to your room, and forget this. Promise to think no more about it. It belongs to the past, from which we have emerged."

"Try and not think of it again! why, it will kill me presently," cried the old man.

"Tush—nonsense! You have been excited. You will be better to-morrow."

"I have had no share in this; bear me witness, Miss Kirby, that this is the first time that I have heard of it."

"Miss Kirby does not reproach you," said Abel Westmair; "I believe that she does not reproach me now. A few months ago she set me down as a conspirator against her father's honor, but that poor suspicion she has outlived, I hope."

"Yes," I said, "or—"

"Or you would not be here," he added, as I paused; "and yet it is possible that that suspicion has returned."

"A moment since it seemed to me as if my father had become the victim of some fraud; I see the folly of that supposition, now that I have had leisure to reflect," I confessed, frankly.

"I had no idea that you were so hasty," Abel Westmair said. "Father, will you bid us good-night?"

The old man rose, and Abel opened the door of his library.

"You don't want me?" the son inquired.

"No, Abel; no. I know my way very well about."

"I shall look in at your room in a few moments, and make sure that you are all right."

"Just as you please, Abel."

The old man came to my side, and extended his shaking hand to me.

"I am very sorry, child," he said, "that I have made this disturbance, but I do not blame you as Abel does for telling me about your father. It has upset me, very naturally—I am not as strong-minded as I used to be—but you did not expect that I should go on like this, of

"THE SON STOOD STUDYING HIM INTENTLY."

course. And now don't grieve; don't fret any more; don't mind what Abel says. Leave it all to me to consider what is best to be done for your father; I shall arrange the rest of it, with God's help."

He leaned forward and kissed my forehead, and I did not shrink away from him, but felt as if this were a new friend in whom I might rely—even as if he, weak as he was, might work strange changes in my life. I was grateful to him for his pity.

He went out of the room, and Abel closed the door after him. I moved toward the open window, and he kept step with me. We were on the broad gravel-path together, and he looked down at the shadow of our figures thrown there by the moonlight.

"You do not believe that your father has been our victim, then?" he said, slowly.

"Not now."

"What made you suddenly suspicious once more, Miss Kirby?"

"Your father's strange manner and stranger excitement."

"You do not know how weak he is," said Abel, "or you would have spared him to-night, as I have spared him every detail of life that was calculated to excite him. He is like a child, and I am very careful of him."

"As you should be," I answered.

"As I should be," he repeated, "being also very proud of him; he is a self-made man, and it seems to be becoming the fashion to sneer at men who make themselves. His patience, cleverness, business application — his honorable, straightforward conduct in every action of his life—laid the foundation of our house some years ago. Hence I am very proud of him."

At the windows of the drawing-room he paused.

"May we consider the subject dropped for good, Miss Kirby, or are Mrs. Jane Westmair and my daughter to be taken presently into your confidence?"

I did not admire his tone again; he had a habit of always making me angry.

"I shall not force my troubles upon the family; but you will pardon me, Mr. Westmair, if I make no effort to disguise them. That would be of no use," I continued, "for it is easy to find out all the truth and shame me."

"No shame attaches to you in this matter."

"It does," I answered, warmly.

"Pardon me, but it does not, or you would not have been constituted the friend and companion of my little Ettie," he said, gravely. "I do not understand your character, I must confess; but that it is frank and fearless I am pretty well convinced by this time. Still—" He hesitated a moment, and I said,

"Well, Mr. Westmair?"

"Still you must spare my father—who knew nothing of your trouble until to-night—if you will not spare yourself. I," he added, with a formal bow, "shall be always most happy to listen to all arguments or complaints."

"I have not come to Broomfield to complain. What has happened to-night has been the result of accident."

"Of course. Accidents can not always be provided against," he said; "but still it is a bad beginning."

"It is," I confessed.

"Of which we will say no more. Good-night, Miss Kirby. If I have spoken in any way cruelly or harshly, I ask your pardon. I am naturally an irritable man."

He extended his hand, and I took it as a sign of peace between us. It was an odd termination to that which had threatened much of storm and unrest, and Abel Westmair apologized like a gentleman. Aunt Jane was witness to this conclusion of our interview, for she suddenly appeared before us at the drawing-room window: a woman sharp-eyed and curious.

"What's the matter, Miss Kirby? Has any thing happened, Abel?"

"Nothing is the matter," said Abel; "Miss Kirby and my father have been promenading here, and escaping from the heat of the house."

"I don't see your father," said Mrs. Westmair, almost sharply, as she put her head from the window and peered right and left.

"He has gone to his room," answered Abel, as he marched back to his study.

"So it appears," remarked Aunt Jane. "Come in, Miss Kirby—I wonder you are not afraid of catching your death of cold, walking about the garden at this hour of the night. Did you find old Mr. Westmair's conversation of very grave importance?"

"It was of interest to me," I replied.

I did not offer any explanation, although Mrs. Westmair seemed to wait for it.

"And Mr. Abel joined you?" she said at last, almost peevishly.

"Yes; he took part in the conversation."

"Oh, indeed! It is something to find him conversational at any time. Good-night, Miss Kirby — we breakfast at eight."

"Good-night, madam."

Mrs. Jane Westmair scarcely regarded me in an amiable light that evening.

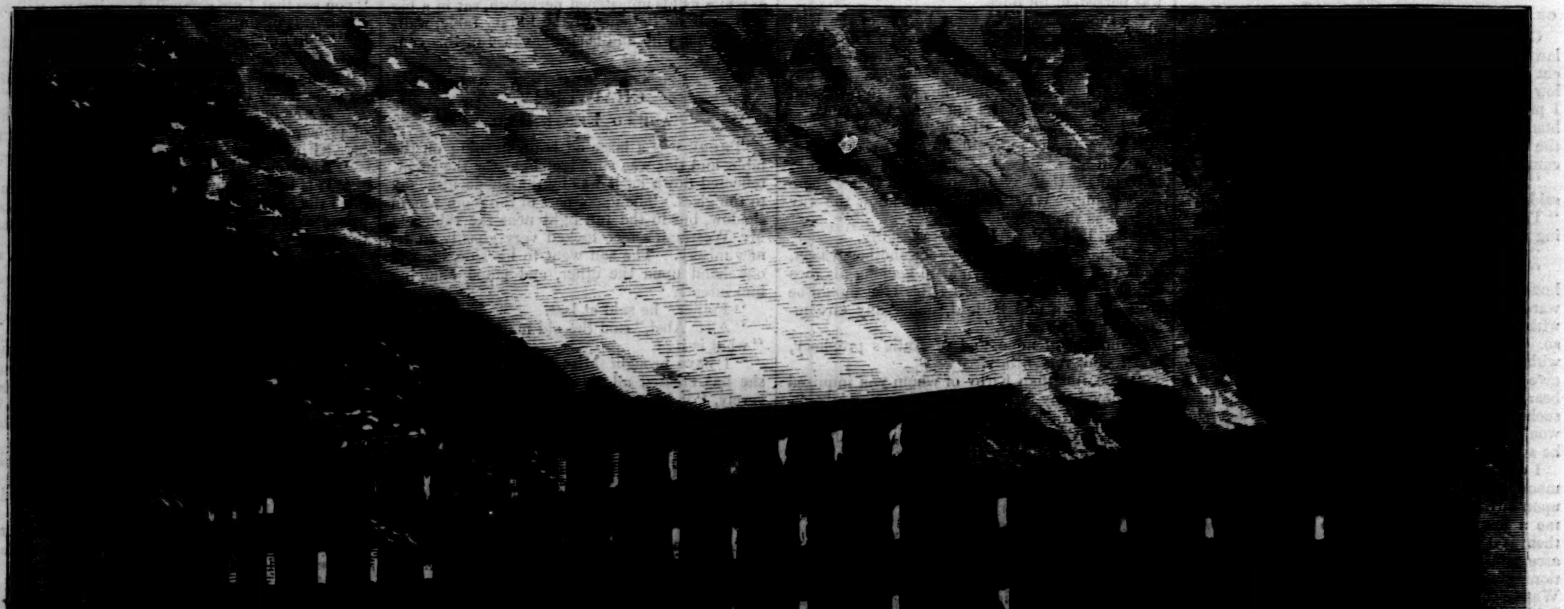
Abel Westmair was right—it was altogether a bad beginning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LARGE FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

THE large storage warehouses of Messrs. WOODRUFF & ROBINSON, situated at the foot of Amity Street, Brooklyn, took fire in the elevator department early in the afternoon of the 18th ult., and were totally destroyed. The buildings were five-story brick structures, and were what are ordinarily considered fire-proof—but only from the outside. The high, thick walls and heavy iron shutters, admirably adapted to keep out fire, were no less efficient in neutralizing the efforts of the Fire Department to put out a fire kindled from within. It is supposed the fire was caused by friction of the machinery, which was running at full speed. A workman in the stores states that he was engaged in oiling the machinery, when he saw oil used on the fly-wheel, and which had flowed from the journals of the wheel, burning on the floor. The wood-work was also on fire. The alarm was promptly given, and the firemen were soon on the ground; but their efforts were mainly directed toward saving the adjacent buildings and the shipping at the docks, as the high walls and closed iron shutters of the burning warehouses prevented them from playing directly on the fire.

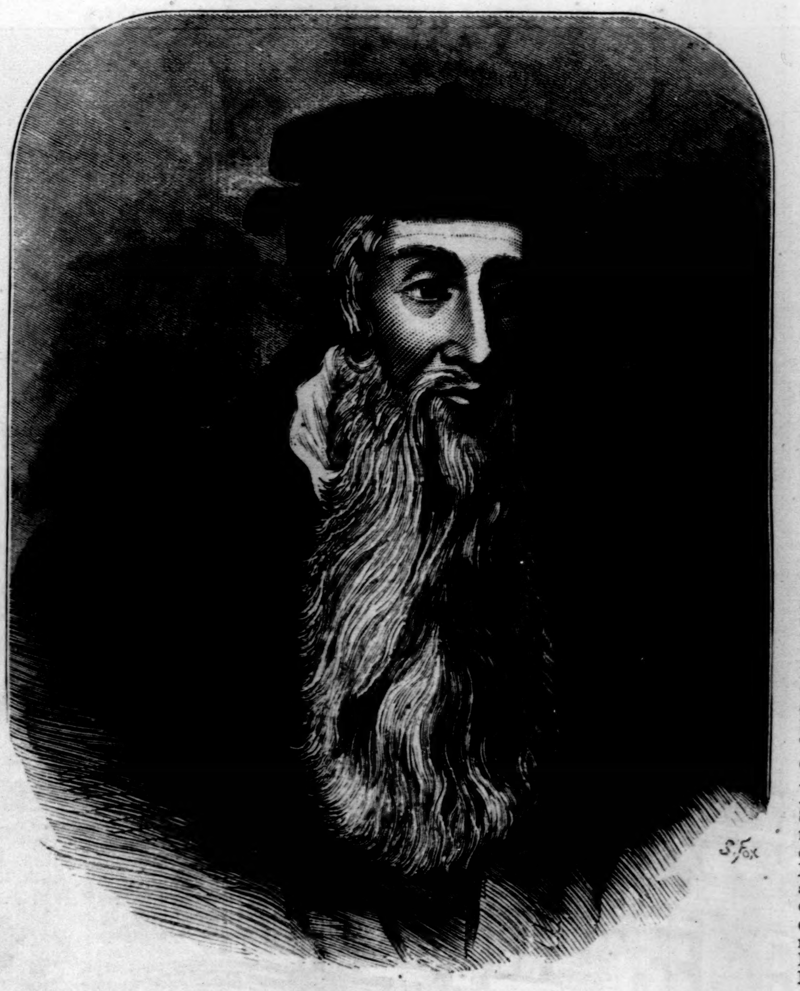
The fire continued burning until late into the night, and all the next day the smouldering ruins sent forth dense columns of smoke. Over 600,000 bushels of grain, besides a large amount of general merchandise, were consumed, and several lives were lost by the falling of the walls.



THE BURNING OF WOODRUFF & ROBINSON'S WAREHOUSES, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—[FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

JOHN KNOX.

The 24th day of November, 1872, was the anniversary of the death of John Knox. It was exactly three hundred years since that redoubtable and vigorous Scot, of whom it has been said that if he had not been a great presbyter he would have been a great minister or a great captain, expired in the old, many-gabled house which still stands in the High Street at Edinburgh. It is said that a few days before his death, and while he lay upon a sick-bed, some of his acquaintances, not knowing his condition, came in to see him. He rose and welcomed them, prevailed upon them to stay at dinner, ordered a hogshead of his best wine to be tapped, and made merry with them. When, at his funeral, the Regent Earl of Morton delivered a glowing eulogy over his remains, he ended by saying, "There lies he who never feared the face of man."



JOHN KNOX.

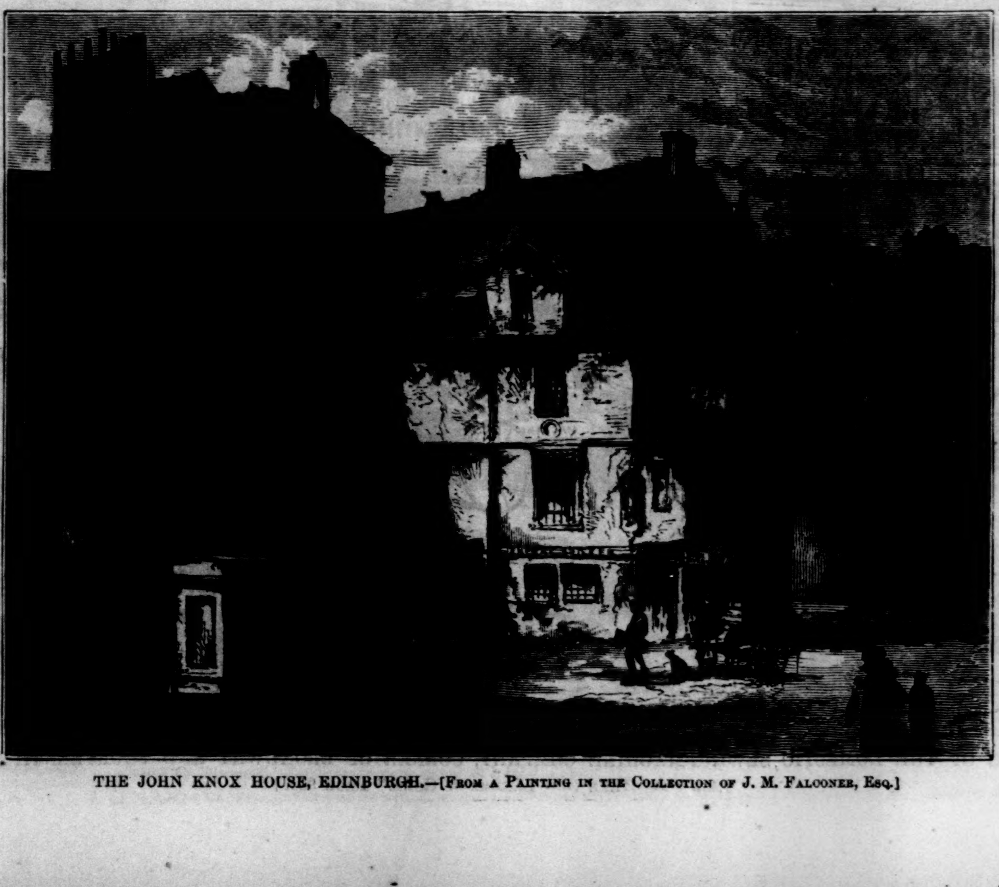
It is time, now that Knox has lain three hundred years dead, that the popular misconception of him should be dissipated. The world is too fond of setting up arbitrary types, and compelling historical characters to conform to them. There is a prevalent idea among those who are not especially versed in history that John Knox was a stern, sour, narrow-minded, intolerant, stiff-necked Puritan. But little difference is noted between him and the canting Parliament-men with Scriptural names and a nasal twang who figure in the era of Cromwell's protectorate. John Knox was a man of a far different mould. Excepting in the pertinacity of his efforts and the courage of his convictions, he was as little like the Puritan of our imagining as a medieval Scotchman could well be. He was the greatest actor in the most memorable epoch of his country: therefore a true Scotchman he must have been, and a Scotchman of his own age. Knox was the reverse of narrow-minded or bigoted. He was very far from being the rude, brawling preacher up of religious sedition which many Protestant writers, notably English Church historians, portray him. On the contrary, he was a man of sound and varied learning. He had traveled, and, as Bacon says, "travel tries a man." He had studied at Geneva and in Germany, and was noted for his erudition in an age itself noted for its many scholars and its general scholarship. He was treated as an equal by soldiers and statesmen like Murray and Morton, and by students like Beza. He was jovial in private life, was fond of female society, liked the companionship of men of the world, loved children, was never happier than when surrounded by his friends at the festive board, and, as has been said, "opened a cask of Burgundy as freely as a vein of argumentative Calvinism." In another age he would have been celebrated for his *bonhomie*, his genial breadth of affections, and the tolerant and charitable as well as sturdy fibre of his intellect. That he was "a fierce and gloomy bigot, equally a foe to polite learning and innocent enjoyment," is one of the most amazing falsifications extant of a history which is open to all to read.

John Knox—or, as his quaint contemporaries sometimes struggled to write him, "JOHANNE KMNOXXE"—first saw the light in a highly respectable country house at Haddington, in East Lothian, in 1505, so that at his death he was sixty-seven. That he was not a "self-made man" is evident from the facts that his parents were wealthy; that he attended first the Haddington grammar school and then St. Andrews University, at both of which places he much distinguished himself as a student; and that, as has been said, he studied for some time on the Continent, where he mastered Greek and Hebrew. During these years of study his mind deeply interested itself in the theological speculations and turmoils of the day. Luther's writings had reached Scotland, and Knox began to question in his own soul the authority of the Church fathers. The corruptions of the Church he saw all around him. He could not reconcile these with the existence in their midst of a faith pure and undefiled. He glowed with rage at the tyrannies, the cruelties, the venality, the avarice of the prelacy and the priesthood. He despised the superstitions which built up power upon the credulity of a rude and ignorant race; he saw that the priests were themselves grossly ignorant as well as grossly servile. In 1540 Knox openly joined the then growing and already formidable band of reformers. Lords Glencairn, Errol, Ruthven, and Kilmaurs, Sir David Lindsay, and Sir James Sandilands, Highland and Lowland chiefs, already professed the Lutheran heresy. Knox thenceforth was the inspiration and leader of the Scottish heretics. His first experience was to suffer the resentment of the arrogant Cardinal Beaton, from whose wrath he was forced to seclude himself with a stanch friend, Douglas, of Long Niddrie. The cardinal was preparing to follow him to this retreat when his castle at St. Andrews was seized by a few desperate men, and the haughty prelate himself put to death within his own walls. The castle was held by the reformers; and thither Knox, with Lindsay and others, retired for refuge from the persecutions with which the reformed sect were now threatened. Here Knox was solemnly consecrated their chief minister—a ceremony which so overcame him that he is said to have burst into a flood of tears, rushed out of the chapel, and remained locked in his chamber for several days. Does this look like a "fierce and gloomy bigot?" Not long after the castle was besieged by the French fleet, and capitulated, though the terms of capitulation were at once violated by the capture of Knox, who was chained in the French galleys off the Scottish coast. He spent the period of his captivity in teaching and preaching to his fellow-prisoners, for the fervor of his faith was now upon him, to last as a vigorous sap while his life lasted. Thus he remained for nineteen months, at the expiration of which period he was liberated, and hastened to London to confer with Archbishop Cranmer. This great prelate was at that time urging on the cause of the Reformation at the court of Edward VI. So highly did Cranmer regard Knox that he procured his appointment as one of Edward's chaplains, and consulted him in composing the *Book of Common Prayer;* it is even surmised that Knox was offered and declined a bishopric. His objection to episcopacy as a form of church polity induced him to turn from these brilliant allurements to a modest ministry at Berwick-on-Tweed, where he met and married Marjory Bowes. The accession of Mary to the English throne sent a thrill of apprehension through the reformers of Britain; but Knox was neither cowed nor silenced. He continued to preach where he listed in England as well as Scotland. Mary's persecutions, however, became insupportable, and Knox, with a faithful following, submitted himself to a self-exile on the Continent. He went to Geneva, and there became intimate with Calvin. Thence he repaired to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he became the pastor over a refugee congregation of his countrymen. In 1555 we find him once more on his native soil, this time at Edinburgh, living at Calder House, and preaching in the face of a storm of Romish execration. He even wrote the famous letter of appeal for the protection of his sect to Mary, the Regent of Scotland, who scornfully handed it to the Archbishop of Glasgow, saying, "Does it please your grace to read a pasquinade?" Discouraged by the reception of his letter, Knox again repaired for comfort to the fountain-head of the Reformation, Geneva, where he occupied himself in preparing the translation of the Scriptures best known as the "Geneva Bible" for publication, and in writing his renowned *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regimen of Women,* aimed at Mary of England and her persecutions.

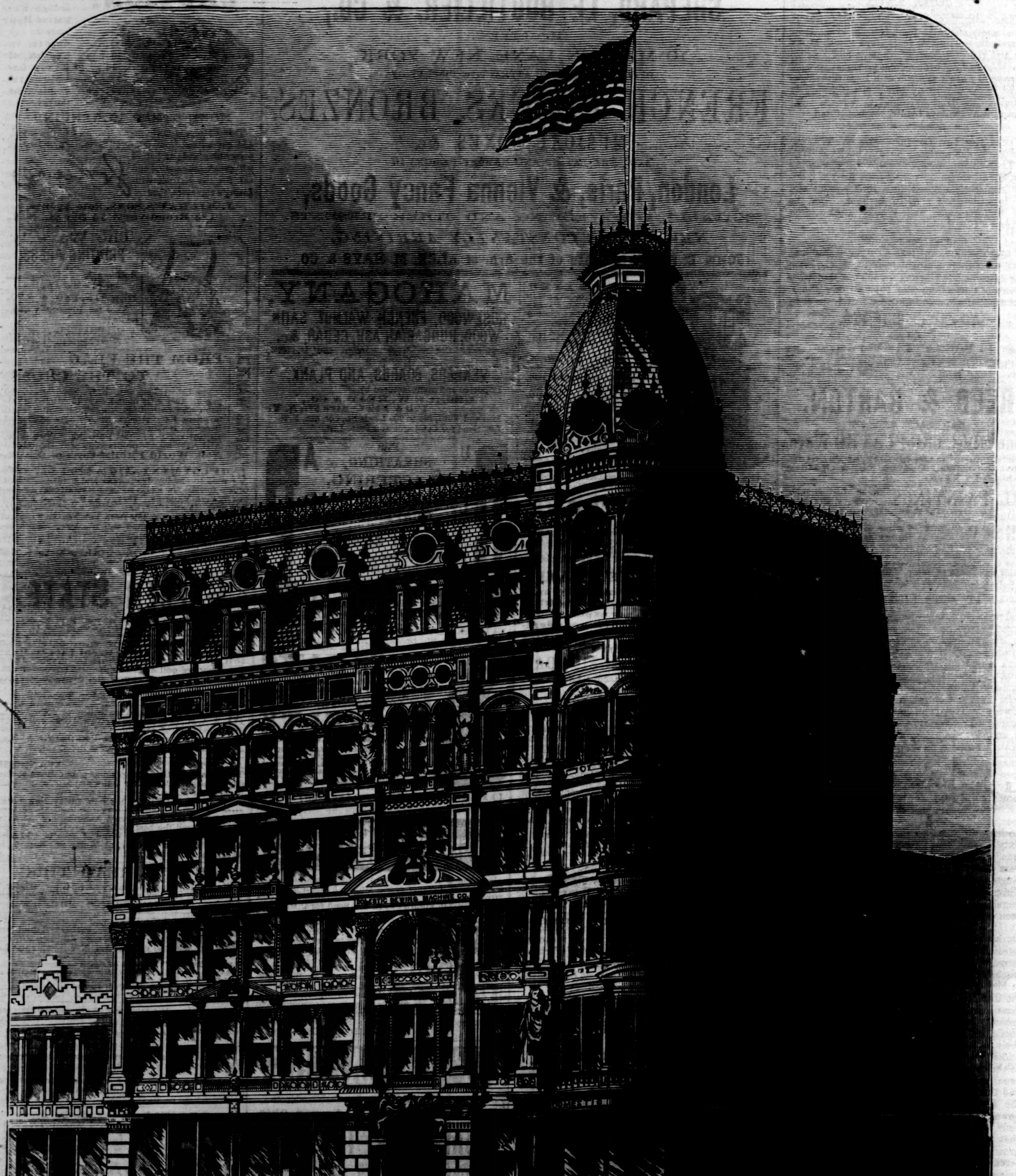
The death of "Bloody Mary" and the accession of Elizabeth put a new and brighter phase upon the position and prospects of the reformers, and Knox was summoned home to resume the conflict with the Archbishop of St. Andrews and the papal powers. He preached openly at St. Andrews under the archbishop's very nose, and began to defy the Scottish Regent Mary and her French alliance. He concluded a compact with Elizabeth, and in February, 1560, the English army crossed the borders. This action caused the French to come to terms and retire, and meanwhile the Regent Mary died at Edinburgh Castle. Knox, triumphant, presented his Presbyterian Confession of Faith to Parliament, which adopted it, and abolished the authority of the Pope in Scotland. Mary, the young Queen of Scots, arrived in Scotland from France in the next year, deeply prejudiced against the Presbyterians, and devoted to the Romish Church. She summoned Knox to an interview, which has become one of the memorable scenes in history. The reformer held firm to his faith, and was sustained by the Protestant Scottish Parliament.

There is not space to relate in detail the bitter struggle which ensued between Mary's and Knox's parties, forming the most thrilling chapter in Scottish history. Knox engaged in the great controversies which arose with a courage, eloquence, persistency, and zeal, the echoes of which still seem to linger in the historic halls of Holyrood and St. Andrews. Before the Queen he exposed with a keen and remorseless logic the fallacies and corruptions of Rome; he disdained the threats of chieftain titled foes; he brought tears to the eyes of Catholic multitudes. The memorable public disputation—a theological duel as notable as those of Luther, Huss, and Abelard—in which he engaged with Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraquel, took place on the 23d of September, 1563, and Knox's victory added immense strength to his cause. In the latter part of the same year he was tried for treason by the Privy Council, and, despite the Queen's presence and violent denunciation, was unanimously acquitted. The battle at times became too unequal, and in 1567 Knox retired into England, returning again to find Darnley murdered, Mary wedded to the infamous Bothwell, and Murray installed as Regent. He preached the coronation sermon on the accession of James VI. in the chapel of Stirling Castle, and again at the opening of Parliament. Murray's friendship for the new-born Presbyterianism gave Knox for a while adequate protection and a fair field; but the murder of the excellent Regent three years later suddenly deprived him of this support, and the Queen's faction once more acquired the ascendency at Edinburgh. The death of Murray seems to have been the first blow which fell with effect upon Knox's physical frame, as upon his hopes and courage. He was seized with apoplexy upon learning the misfortune which thus befell the Presbyterians: he removed to St. Andrews, however, and there continued his zealous preaching and inspiring exhortations, though weak of body, walking feebly with the help of a cane, and often supported by his servant. He returned to Edinburgh in August, 1572, wasted, worn, and ill. He preached a few times, but in early November was seized with the illness from which he never recovered. The great militant reformer's life went out on the 24th, having been to its latest breath kindled with the same "fervent piety and erect spirit" which he had displayed in the face of perils seen and unseen, and amidst difficulties from which many a world's hero would have shrunk dismayed.

Knox fought in Scotland as stout a battle as did Wycliffe in England, Luther in Germany, Abelard in France, Huss in Bohemia, and Savonarola in Italy. He stamped an ineradicable impress upon his age; his power over men was marvelous; he moulded them as clay in the hands of the potter. The force of his character was as remarkable as the surprising vigor of his intellect, and the wonderful endurance of physical powers by no means of a sturdy type. He was far from being a mere priest; he was a thorough man of the world, a bold fighter with warriors and earls, made to be a commander of men, and holding his own with the subtlest casuists and most unscrupulous intriguers of the Romish Church. He not only founded a sect, but imprinted on it a seal of individuality which it still retains. The character and spirit of Knox are as much a fibre of modern Presbyterianism as that of Wesley is of modern Methodism, and as that of Ignatius Loyola is of modern Jesuitism. It is well that the Scotch, whether of the State Church or of the Free Church, should join together in commemorating this brave and fruitful life. They have already raised a statue to Sir William Wallace, and a beautiful Gothic memorial to Sir Walter Scott; and a counterfeit presentment of John Knox, in his skull-cap, his flowing patriarchal beard, and his long gown, would seem admirably at home in the quaint old streets which formed the scenes of the great drama in which he was the most imposing actor.



THE JOHN KNOX HOUSE, EDINBURGH.—[From a Painting in the Collection of J. M. Falconer, Esq.]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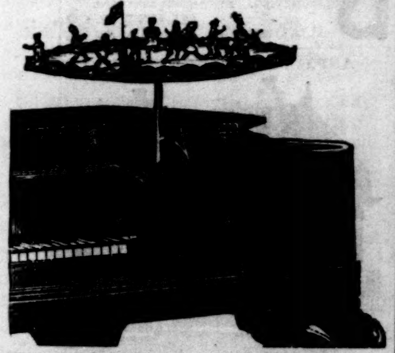

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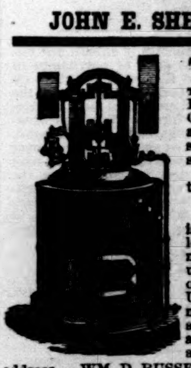

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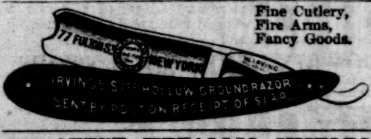
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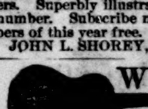

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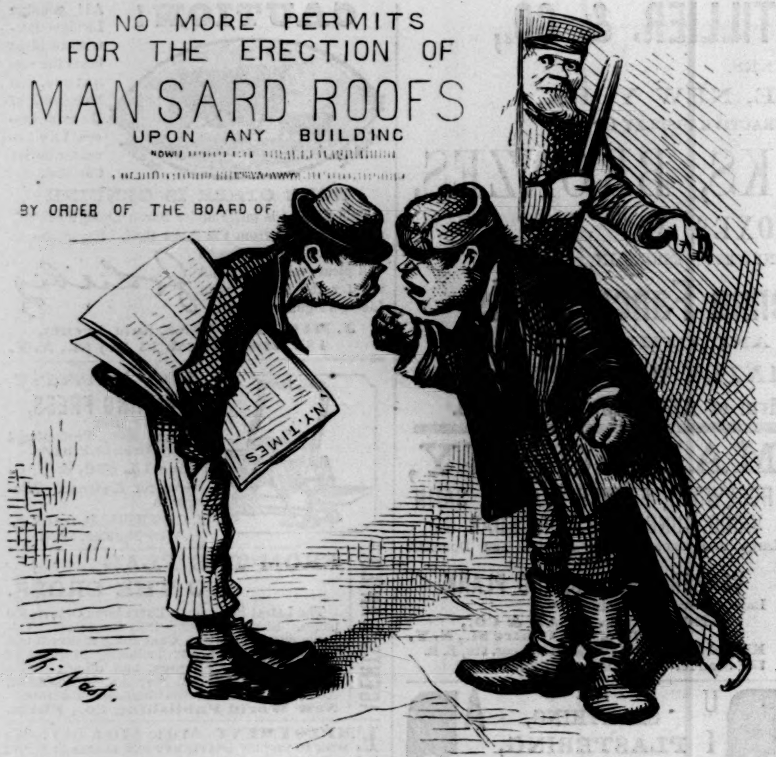

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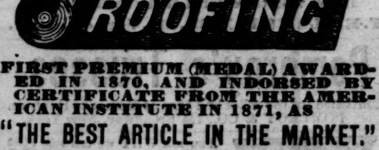

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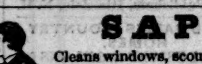

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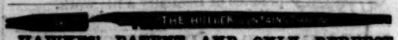

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LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

BY GUSTAVE DORÉ AND BLANCHARD JERROLD.

To be Completed in Twelve Parts.—Part 9.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Town of Malt.
CHAPTER XVII.—Under Lock and Key.
CHAPTER XVIII.—Whitechapel and Thereabouts.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

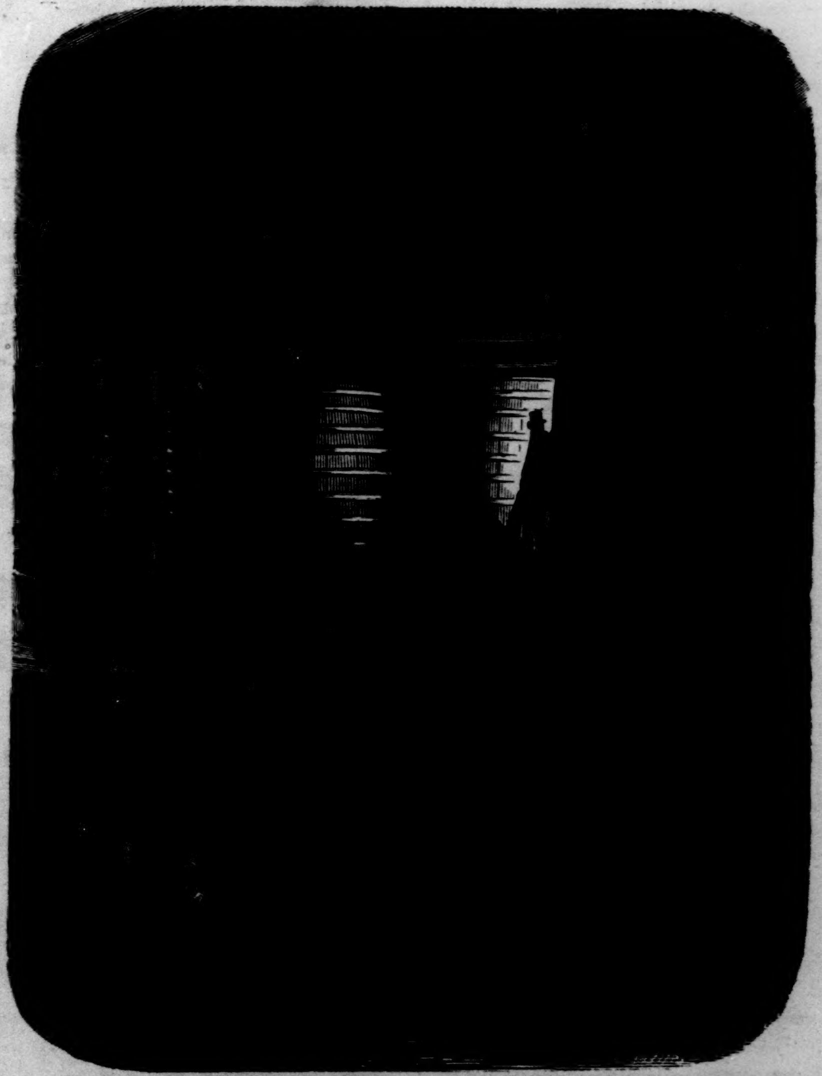
The Great Vats.
Brewer's Dray.
Mixing the Malt.
In the Brewery.
Waifs and Strays.
Dudley Street, Seven Dials.
The Turnkey.
A Whitechapel Coffee-House.
Thieves Gambling.
Brewer's Men.
Bluegate Fields.
St. Paul's from the Brewery Bridge.
Asleep in the Streets.
A House of Refuge—In the Bath.
Whitechapel Refreshments.
Afternoon in the Park.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TOWN OF MALT.

AMONG the earliest of risers in London are those who supply it with its beer. Having seen the opening of Covent Garden Market on a summer morning (and there is not a more striking picture by the banks of the Thames), stroll along the Strand and Fleet Street, alive with newsboys and newsmen, and home-returning compositors; through Thames Street, over Southwark Bridge, to Park Street. Your nose will lead you to the town of Malt and Hops. The massive drays are out; the prodigious draymen are arrayed in their leather, that would gall any limbs but theirs of Titan build; the stately horses that are the astonishment of the foreigner and the pride of the English brewer are tossing their noble heads and pawing the ground. The barrels are rolling and swinging in all directions. Thirsty London is being attended to with a will, and with perfect order, under the control of matutinal clerks and overseers. Before the ordinary tradesman has touched his shutters, lumbering processions of heavily laden drays are debouching on various quarters of London, bearing the famous "entire" to scores of customers.

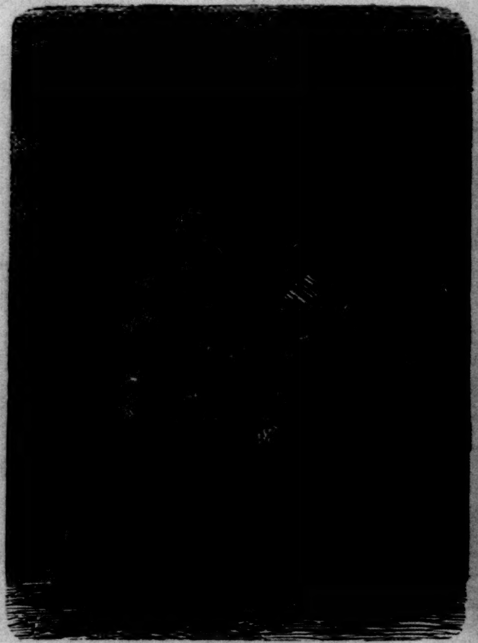
Within the gates are the government houses of the town of Malt and Hops, in which there are upward of forty officials, who direct the coming and going, the filling and repairing, the brewing and selling, of a rolling army of something like eighty thousand barrels. Their domain covers an acre of land, and comprises several streets bridged by light iron bridges, that look slight as spider-webs from the pavements.



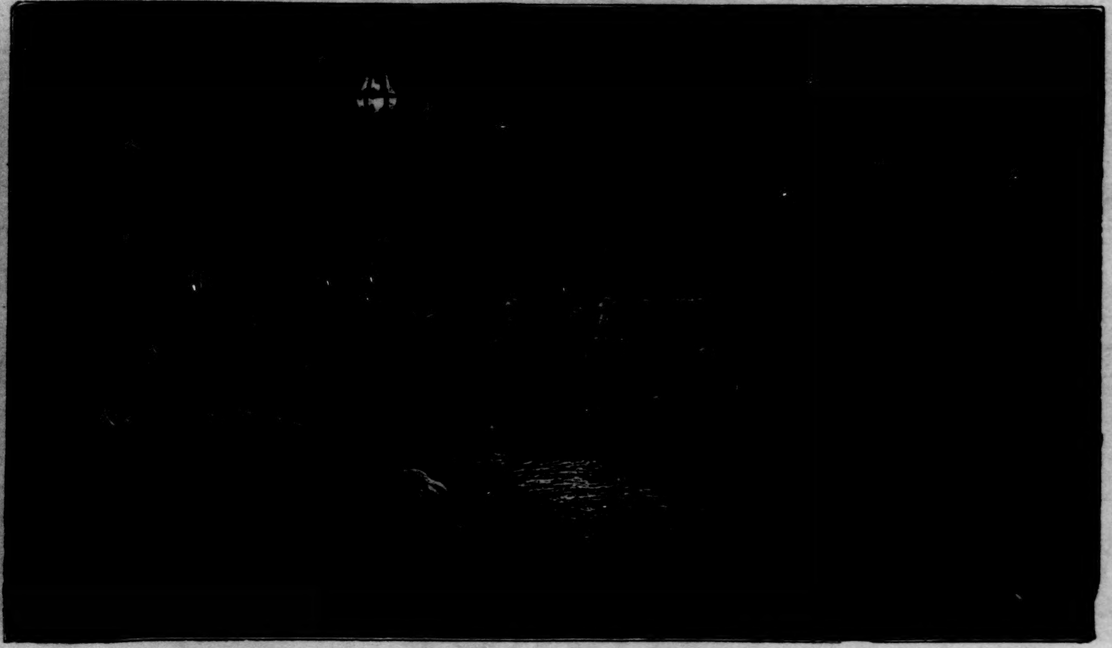
THE GREAT VATS.

A journey through the town of Malt and Hops is heavy work. The departments are many, and are all spacious. They follow in well-considered sequence. The mashing, the boiling, the cooling, the fermenting, the cleansing, the barrel-filling, the storing, the dispatching, are so many departments of the government, with a sustaining aroma holding all in one atmosphere, and which keeps the mind in an unbroken train of thought even when contemplating the stables where the famous horses are kept as daintily as in the Royal Mews. Perhaps the first startling scene in the round is the mash-tun.

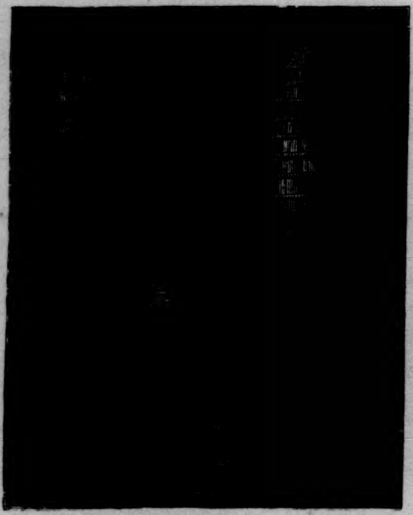
Mashing is the elementary process of beer-making, and the object of these strange workers with wooden spades is to mix the malt thoroughly with the water. The result is an amber liquid called wort, lakes of which we proceed to view, lying placidly in tanks. During its progression to perfect beer the sweet wort grows sour. On its way it is pumped up from the cool lakes into gigantic copper boilers, and boiled with great care—for here the experienced and learned brewer shows himself. The boiling satisfactorily done, the wort flows out into broad lakes, airily situated, where it can become rapidly cool without getting sour; and then it gradually subsides into these prodigious gyle tuns, about which staircases are ranged, and in which you would have to drag carefully for the body of an elephant. In these towers, against which men look like flies, the wort ferments, and we have porter, or "entire." I should explain that "entire" is a combination of the qualities of three beers, that, in primitive London brewing-days, were made separately, and mixed from different



BREWER'S DRAY.



MIXING THE MALT.



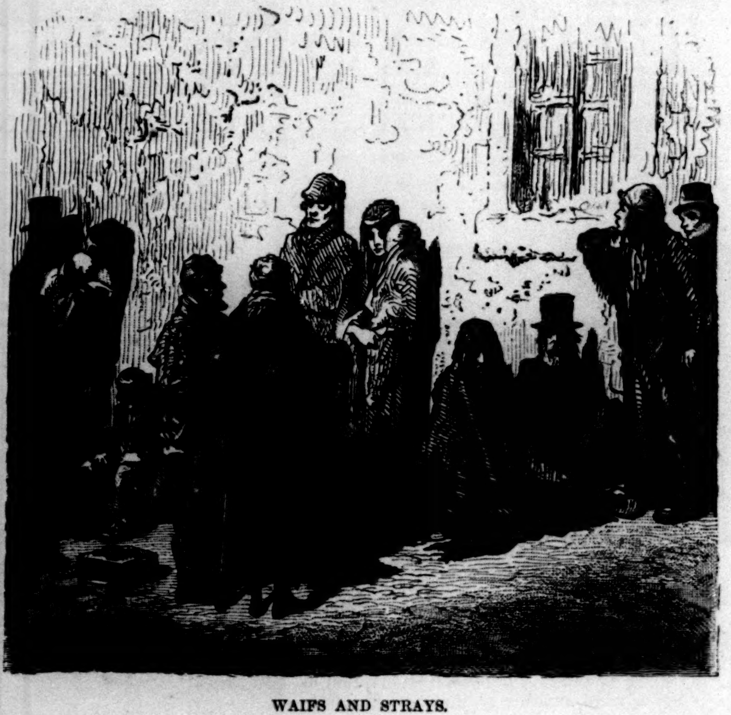
IN THE BREWERY.

barrels in the customer's glass. Hence the "Barclay, Perkins, and Co.'s Entire" that is all over England, and the painting of which upon gaudy sign-boards occupies a distinct department in the town of Malt.

Looking over London from one of the high-perched galleries that traverse the streets of these mighty brewers' realm—with St. Paul's dominating the view from the north—our guide gently interposes the figure of Mr. Thrale and his illustrious friend—that Londoner among Londoners—Samuel Johnson. We are upon classic ground. Where the coopers are overhauling hundreds of damaged barrels, and giving them their proper adjustment of hoops; where the red-capped draymen are gossiping in groups; where the enormous butts are ranged; where the smiths are shoeing the colossal horses, and where the 300 feet of stables stretch, Samuel Johnson lounged and talked, and worked at his dictionary, under the protecting friendship of Mr. Thrale, then owner of the brewery. The rough old Doctor was executor to the will under which Mr. Thrale's property passed into the families of the present owners, who have realized his description of its capabilities by extending it until it has become one of the representative industries of the world. "We are not," said executor Johnson, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dream of avarice." The boilers and vats of the city of Malt realized £135,000, even when Messrs. Barclay and Perkins bought it.

How much would the boilers and vats, the drays and barrels, realize to-day?

The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dream of avarice may not have been reached even now by the firm; but a good step along the Doctor's highway has been taken. If "he who drinks beer thinks beer," this must be a beer-thinking age—for how many foaming tankards take their laughing rise in this town of Malt! How many hop-yards to feed these vats and lakes? A humorous speculator, who accompanied us, and sat in a little office where we finally tasted the various brews, suggested—"Yes, and how many temperance advocates do these stupendous men and horses keep going, the ungrateful varlets!"



WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"There's a good deal of 'talkee' yet to be done, Sir," a sensible drayman said to us, flirting a flower between his lips as he spoke, "before they teach English workmen that there's sin and wickedness in a pint of honest beer."

And with this he set his heavy dray in motion.

DUDLEY STREET, SEVEN DIALS.

CHAPTER XVII.

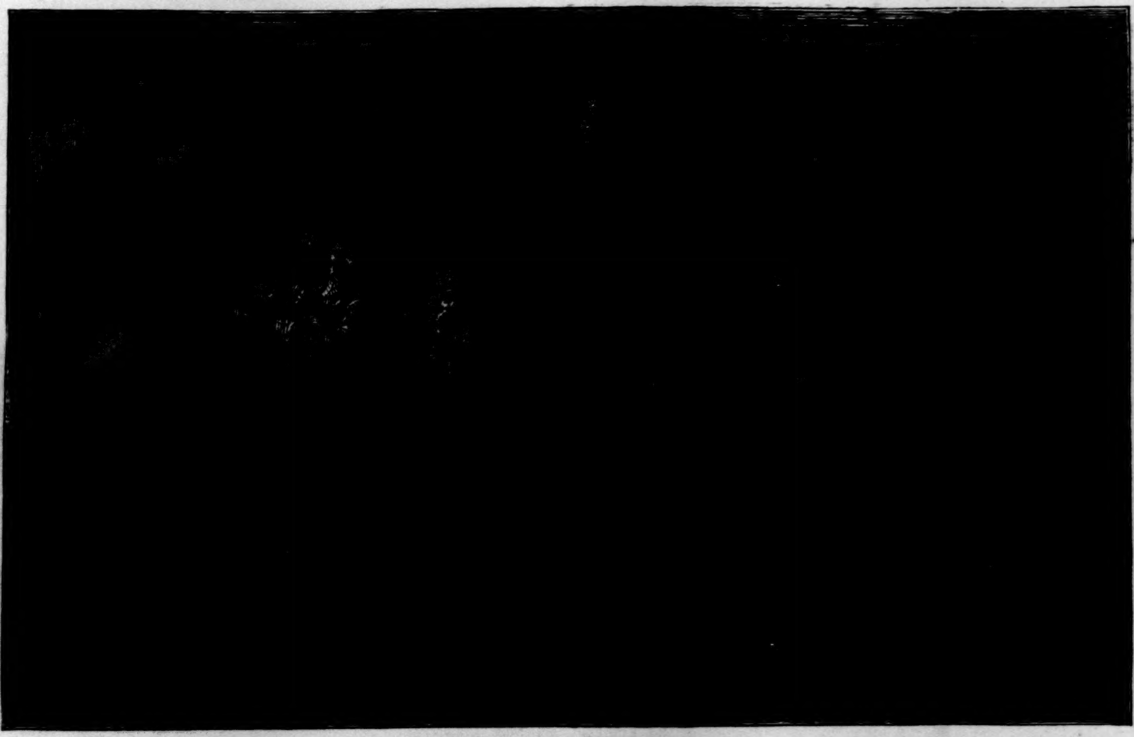
UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

NEWGATE'S sombre walls suggest sad thoughts on the black spots which blur our civilization. Those who will not work, and have not the means of living honestly, are the pests of every society. The vagrants, the tramps, the beggars, the cheats, the finished rogues, are a formidable race among a population of more than three millions, closely massed. They are the despair of social reformers—for he who has once taken a liking to the bread of idleness is beyond redemption as a citizen. He will shift his ground, change his cheat, do any thing—save work. A couch under a hedge, a turnip stolen from a field, a feast of blackberries—any thing to save the sweat of his ignoble brow. London has always been infested with the vagabond class. Johnson wrote,

> "London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
> The common sewer of Paris and of Rome."

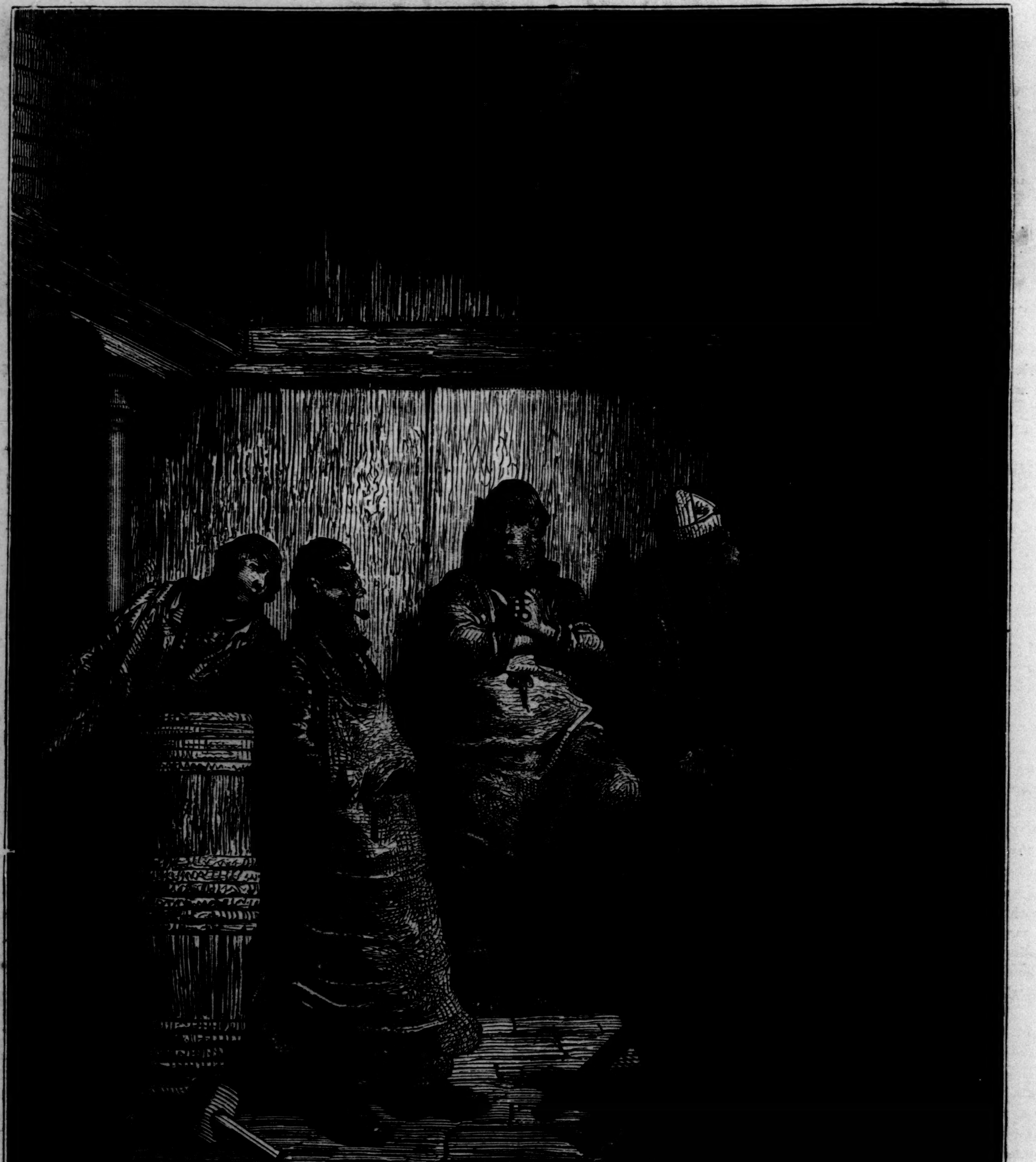
But we supply our own needy villains in these days. London draws the idle and vicious from all parts of the country. They are humble imitators of Mr. Micawber, who thought that something *must* turn up in a cathedral city. They are lineal descendants of the rogues who surrounded Queen Elizabeth's coach near Islington; and the crop, it is to be feared, has quite kept pace with the increase of the population. The cheat has developed, the vagrant has become a systematic traveler, the beggar has a hundred stories, known mostly to the Mendicity Society in Red Lion Square, which the rascal of old could not employ. Education has, with its good, brought into being the begging-letter impostor. A policeman, in his scorn of the school-master and other new-fangled machines, has been known to make the sage remark that reading had only taught the young vermin to steal the dearer article. Years have brought the merciful as well as the most philosophic mind: and kindness, erected into a remedial agent, has devised scores of plans for making industry inviting to the cadger; for persuading the beggar, whose skin has never been moistened with an hour's honorable exertion, to work—to delight in a tough job. A turn round Newgate will surprise many a smug, respectable Londoner who imagines that the people who beg or steal in order to avoid work are all natives of Whitechapel or Drury Lane. In the yard where we saw the Convicted describing serpentine lines, by way of exercise, on two or three occasions, there were only four or five convicts of the lower classes—the tall prisoner, for instance, was a colonel in the English army; in the Unconvicted yard, where the moving coil of prisoners showed themselves in their daily dress, an attenuated, half-starved, and wholly crushed little postman alone represented the wage class. The juvenile yard was in the sole occupancy of a young clerk who had committed a murderous assault on a barrister in the Temple; and a most pitiful sight he made, with his little white hands peeping through the coarse convict dress. The main body of the prisoners were in the garb of gentlemen—to use the phrase that would inevitably be applied to them on their appearance at the bar of the Old Bailey. Those who will not work, and can not honestly live without work, are of all classes; and we have traced their serpent trail through every scene we have come upon in the course of our wanderings. The lists of the refuges, the prisons, the work-houses, show the reverse of that bright medal whereon are struck the names of the brave men who have handled an office broom in the beginning, and ended the possessors of enormous wealth, and the objects of the general respect. In the list opposite the Peabodys are the names of men who began with wealth and ended in disgrace and rags—the Sir John Dean Pauls, the Redpaths, and the Roupells.

If in the densely packed haunts of poverty and crime—in the hideous tenements stacked far and wide round such institutions as the Bluegate Fields Ragged Schools in Shadwell—there are hundreds who have never had the chance of escape to comfort and virtuous courses, there are—and they are the main body of the army—the victims of Drink, illustrators of every horror, form of suffering, and description of crime to which the special curse of our land leads the poor. At the corner of every tumble-

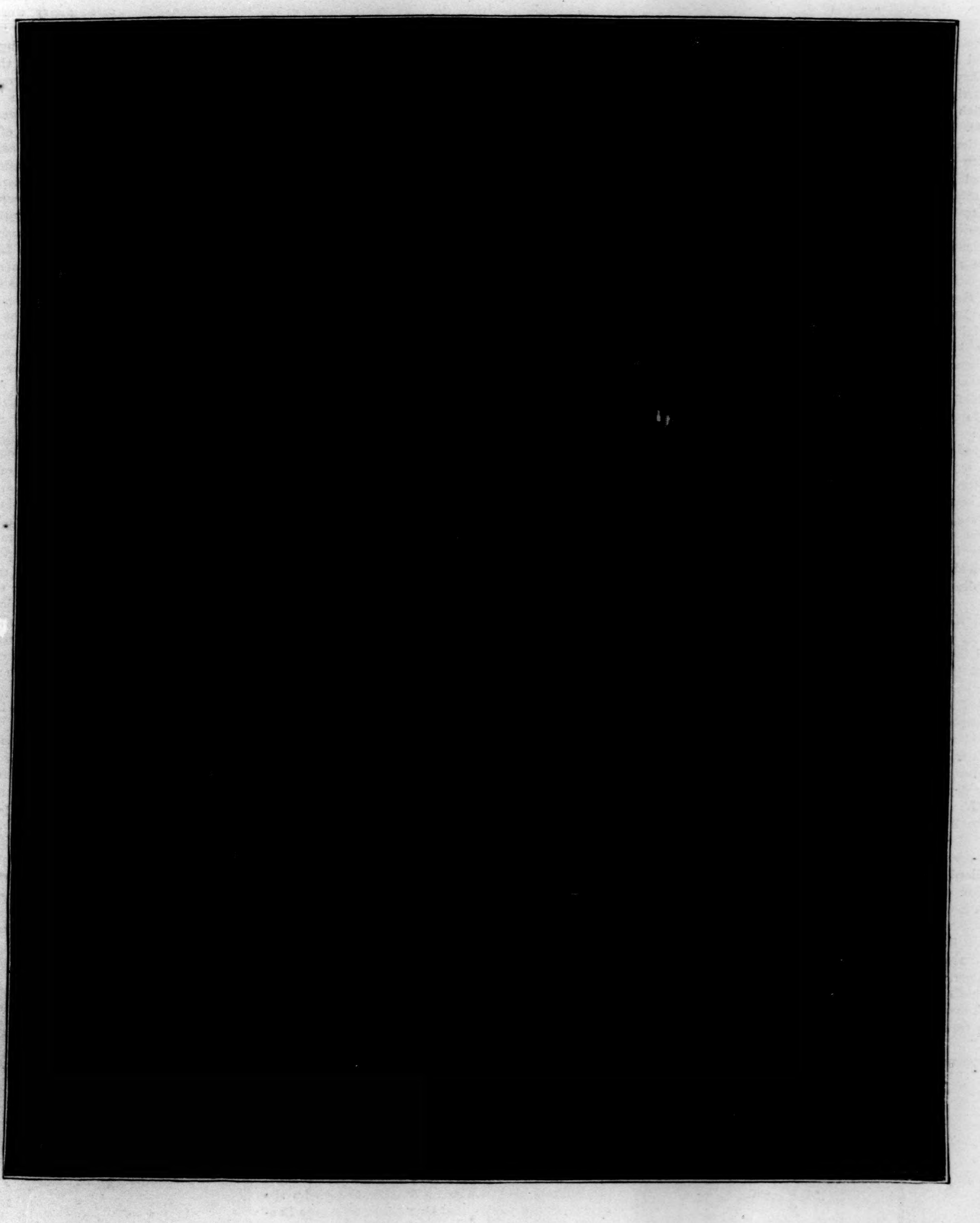


A WHITECHAPEL COFFEE-HOUSE.

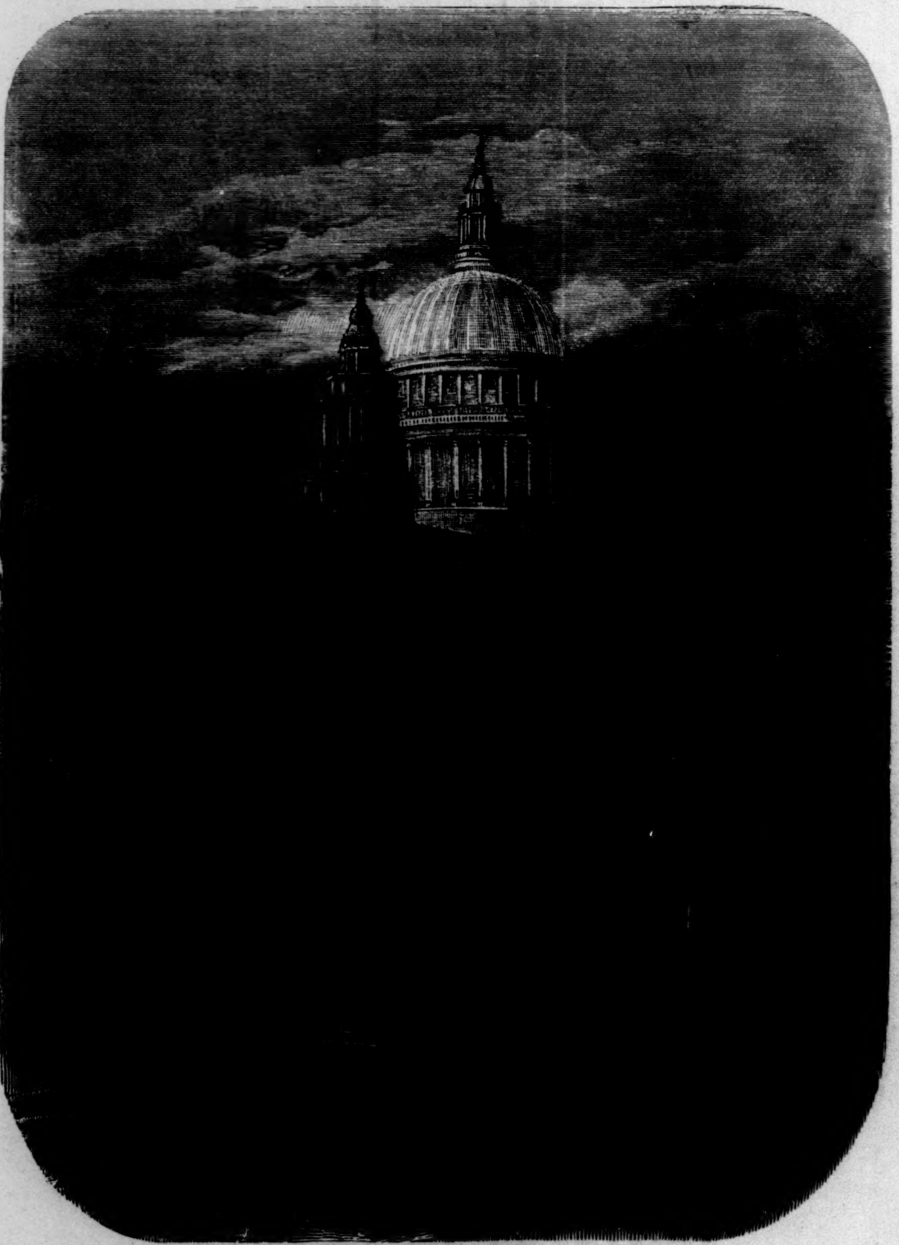
THIEVES GAMBLING.



BREWER'S MEN.



BLUEGATE FIELDS.



ST. PAUL'S FROM THE BREWERY BRIDGE.

down street is the flaring public-house lamp—hateful as the fabled jewel in the loathsome toad's head.

I should, however, recommend those gentlemen who are anxious to get at a true idea of the causes of crime, of the influences which foster it, of the natures pronest to it, and of the surest means of reducing its extension and its gravity, to put themselves in the hands of an intelligent, a reflective, and courageous professional student of the criminal classes, like Sergeant Meiklejohn of the detective service. In his company they will see the policeman's bull's-eye turned on extraordinary faces and figures, such as we marked in a card-playing scene, while they will listen to very instructive stories of the devious ways by which men and women reach Newgate.

Such education on the spot would be worth more to our legislators, hereditary and elected, than any number of attendances at Congresses, Charity Organization Associations, committees, and lectures. I remember accompanying Lord Caernarvon to a meeting of ticket-of-leave men which we had convened up a court by Smithfield, and that we learned more about them that night than a year of blue-book and treatise reading could have given us.

"He has never been any thing else but a thief. He was born a thief, and always will be a thief!" said a guide through the low neighborhood of Shoreditch to me one night as we stepped out of a thieves' kitchen. He pointed to rather a handsome lad of twenty, with a piercing, restless eye, and remarkable for the rapid movements of his limbs. He was—compared with the rest of the company—well dressed. I observed this.

"Yes," said the policeman, "he must have done a good bit of work lately: so had those flash pickpockets we met at the Music-Hall just now."

We paused before a crowd grouped round a baked-potato vendor.

"Those," said my knowing companion, "are only poor: not thieves."

God help them, and keep them clear of Newgate's lock and key!

But the outer world has very little knowledge of the difficulty. It recurs every hour of every day. What can come of these frequenters of the penny gaffs of Shoreditch; these Shadwell loungers, offspring of drunken and shameless mothers; these dancers at the Ratcliff hops; these loungers along the Whitechapel Road, all cheapening food for the dismal Sunday they will be compelled to spend in their cellars and attics? The common lodging-houses are, as we see by the familiarity of the police with the landlords and inmates, under severe control; but who is to curb the flow of the conversation when groups of young thieves find themselves upon the same benches before the kitchen fire with poor artificial-flower makers?

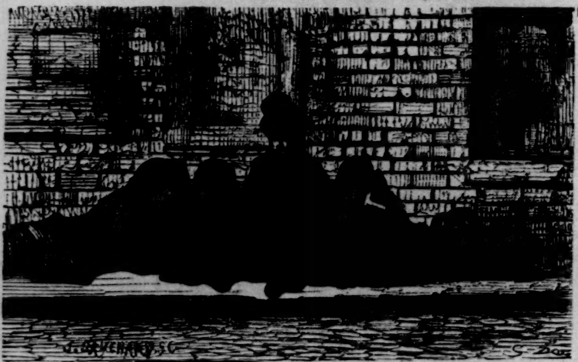
"Once they come here," said one of our police guides, "the best of them are lost. They can't help it. Some will struggle for a long time; but unless they are fortunate enough to get away, they are done for. You see, they come into the kitchen early to cook their supper, and thus they fall in with all sorts—except those who could do them any good. That's how it begins with many of them. The rest are born in it."

"And God knows," said another guide, "how hard some of 'em—decent creatures who have got into trouble—fight to leave it all. But, you see, there's no place for them as cheap as this."

The bull's-eye rambled along the lines of a series of partitions, each containing a bed and a chair.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHITECHAPEL AND THEREABOUTS.



ORLORN men, women, and children, and a spacious township peopled with them, from cellars to attics—from the resort of the sewer-rat to the nest of the sparrow in the chimney-stack—make up that realm of suffering and crime which adventurous people visit with as much ceremony and provision of protection as belated travelers across Finchley Common used in the middle of last century. You put yourself in communication with Scotland Yard, to begin with. You adopt rough clothes. You select two or three companions who will not flinch even before the humors and horrors of Tiger Bay, and you commit yourself to the guidance of one of the intelligent and fearless heads of the detective force. He mounts the box of the cab about eight o'clock, and the horse's head is turned—east.

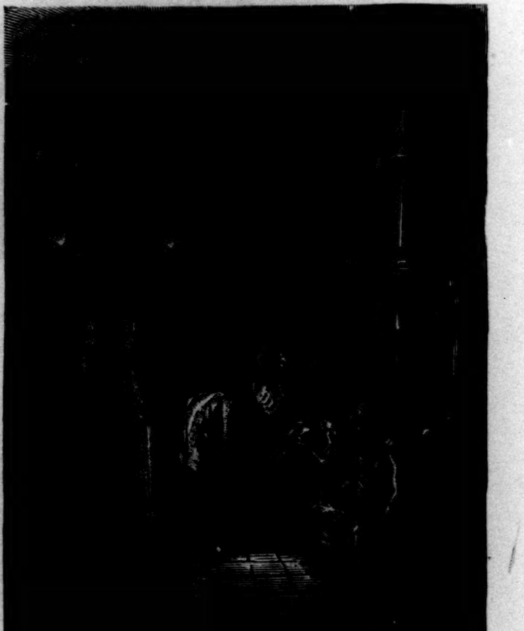
When we move out of Fleet Street toward Smithfield, we leave familiar London in a few minutes, and reach the lanes and by-ways, dark and noisy, and swarming with poor, that come under the merciful guardianship of good Mr. Catlin's Cow Cross mission. The progress of the cab becomes slow and difficult; angry words are exchanged with the driver; groups of gossiping or quarreling men and women block the road; the houses are black and grim, and only at the corners where the gin palaces light up their cruel splendors, can we obtain glimpses of the inhabitants. They are kith and kin of those we have seen so often skulking about amid the cobblers' stalls and bird-fanciers of Newport Street, Seven Dials, ranging themselves outside the gates of casual wards, or begging their way into a night refuge. They are brothers and sisters and cousins of these hopeless waifs and strays of London life, or of country life drawn to the metropolis by the general desire there is in the country to get "nearer the smoke."

We halt at the opening of a yard, alight, and in a few minutes are in a crowd of tattered and tired-out creatures, who are being filtered into a refuge.

Surely there can be only good in this minimum of relief, offered by spontaneous charity to the houseless, in a whole cityful of poor! They pass in one by one: the father and his foot-sore boy; the mother with her whimpering babe in her arms, that are so lean they must hurt the flesh of the little imp. The superintendent is a mild, but firm, intelligent, and discerning man. He distributes the regulation lump of bread to the guests, and they pass on, by way of the bath—rigorously enforced for obvious reasons—to the dormitories set out like barracks, and warmed with a stove, which is always the centre of attraction. Here, when all are in bed, a Bible-reader reads, comforting, let us hope, many of the aching heads. The women and children have a ward apart. Some are reading, some are sewing rents in their clothes, some are darning, some have cast themselves to rest under the leather coverings, and, with inexpressible weariness, are in the land of dreams. I have paced these dormitories early and late, and have been with strong men who have burst into tears as their eyes have fallen upon the rows of sleeping mothers, some with two, some with three infants huddled to their sides for warmth, or folded in their poor arms. Young and old are here, houseless, and with babes to carry forth to-morrow into the east wind and the sleet. This story is told by the coughs that crackle like a distant running fire of musketry all over the establishment. No wonder that many of them dread the bath upon their feeble, feverish limbs, and with chests torn to rags, as many of them must be.

It is a pity that there is not connected with every refuge for the houseless a well-ordered practical labor agency; for every night deserving and willing men, women, and boys pass in, who would rejoice to be shifted from the streets; but alas! our organizers of charity are only making confusion worse confounded.

From the Refuge by Smithfield we rattled through dark lanes, across horrid, flashing highways, to the Whitechapel Police Station, to pick up the superintendent of savage London. He had some poor, wan specimens—maundering drunk—in his cells already, and it was hardly nine o'clock. We dismiss our cab: it would be useless in the strange, dark by-ways to which we are bound: by-ways, the natives of which will look upon us as the Japanese looked upon the first European travelers in the streets of Jeddo. The missionary, the parish doctor, the rent collector (who must be a bold man indeed), the policeman, the detective, and the humble undertaker are



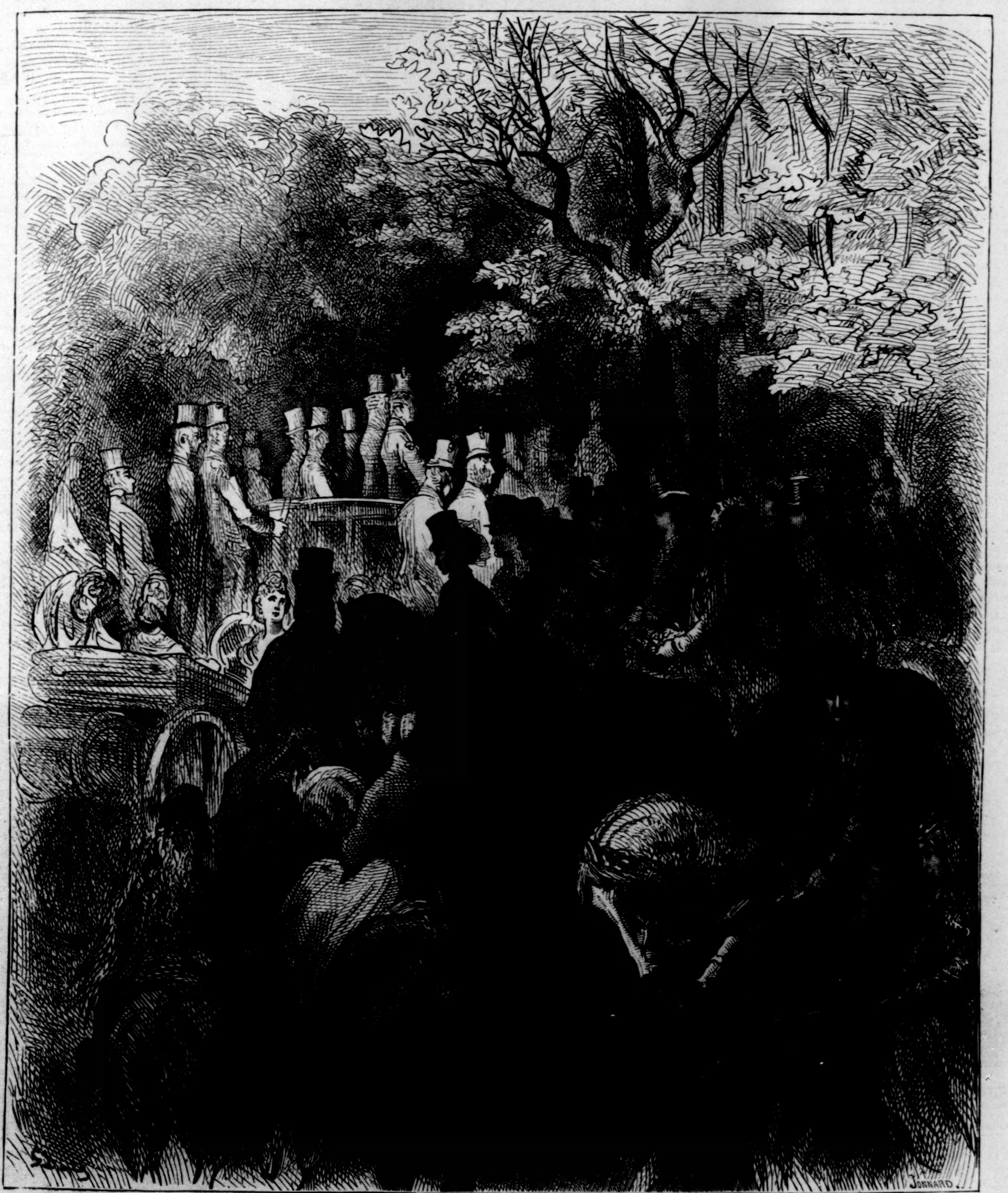
A HOUSE OF REFUGE—IN THE BATH.

the human beings from without our Alsatia who enter appearances in this weird and horrible Bluegate Fields, where, in the open doorways, low-browed ruffians and women who emphasize even their endearments with an oath scowl at us in threatening groups as we pass, keeping carefully in the middle of the road. "Stick close together, gentlemen; this is a very rough part," our careful guides tell us—some walking before, others behind—the local superintendent or the Scotland Yard sergeant accosting each policeman on his beat, and now and then collecting two or three, and planting them at strategical points or openings, that cover our advance, and keep the country open behind us.

We plunge into a maze of courts and narrow streets of low houses—nearly all the doors of which are open, showing kitchen fires blazing far in the interior, and strange figures moving about. Whistles, shouts, oaths, growls, and the brazen laughter of tipsy women; sullen "good-nights" to the police escort; frequent recognition of notorious rogues by the superintendent and his men; black pools of water under our feet—only a ribbon of violet-gray sky overhead! We come to a halt at a low black door. The superintendent's knock means immediate opening. An old man in corduroy breeches and gray stockings, unbuttoned waistcoat, and dirty shirt sleeves, with low muffin cap over his eyes, is about to growl, when the "Good-night, Ben," of the force, brings him to attention and respect at once.

WHITECHAPEL REFRESHMENTS.

We advance into a low, long, dark room parted into boxes, in which are packed the most rascally company any great city could show. They stare, leer, dig each other in the ribs, fold their black hands over the cards, and grunt and growl *sotto voce* as the superintendent reviews them with a firm and placid look of command. The place is clean, compared with the guests, thanks to the Common Lodging-house Act; but it is charged with the unmistakable, overpowering damp and mouldy odor that is in every thieves' kitchen, in every common lodging-house, every ragged hotel.



AFTERNOON IN THE PARK.